

Esquire

November 2015 | £4.25

Style & Substance

Kill your agent

John Niven's misadventures in the screen trade

How craft are you?

Richard Benson on whittling your own fun

Plus

AA Gill, Russell Norman
Jeremy Langmead and
Ted Danson (Ted Danson!)
on marriage, money
and being a man



Starring the beautiful,
funny, smart, sexy,
supremely talented...

Kate Winslet

Interview by MIRANDA COLLINGE

Photographs by ALEXI LUBOMIRSKI



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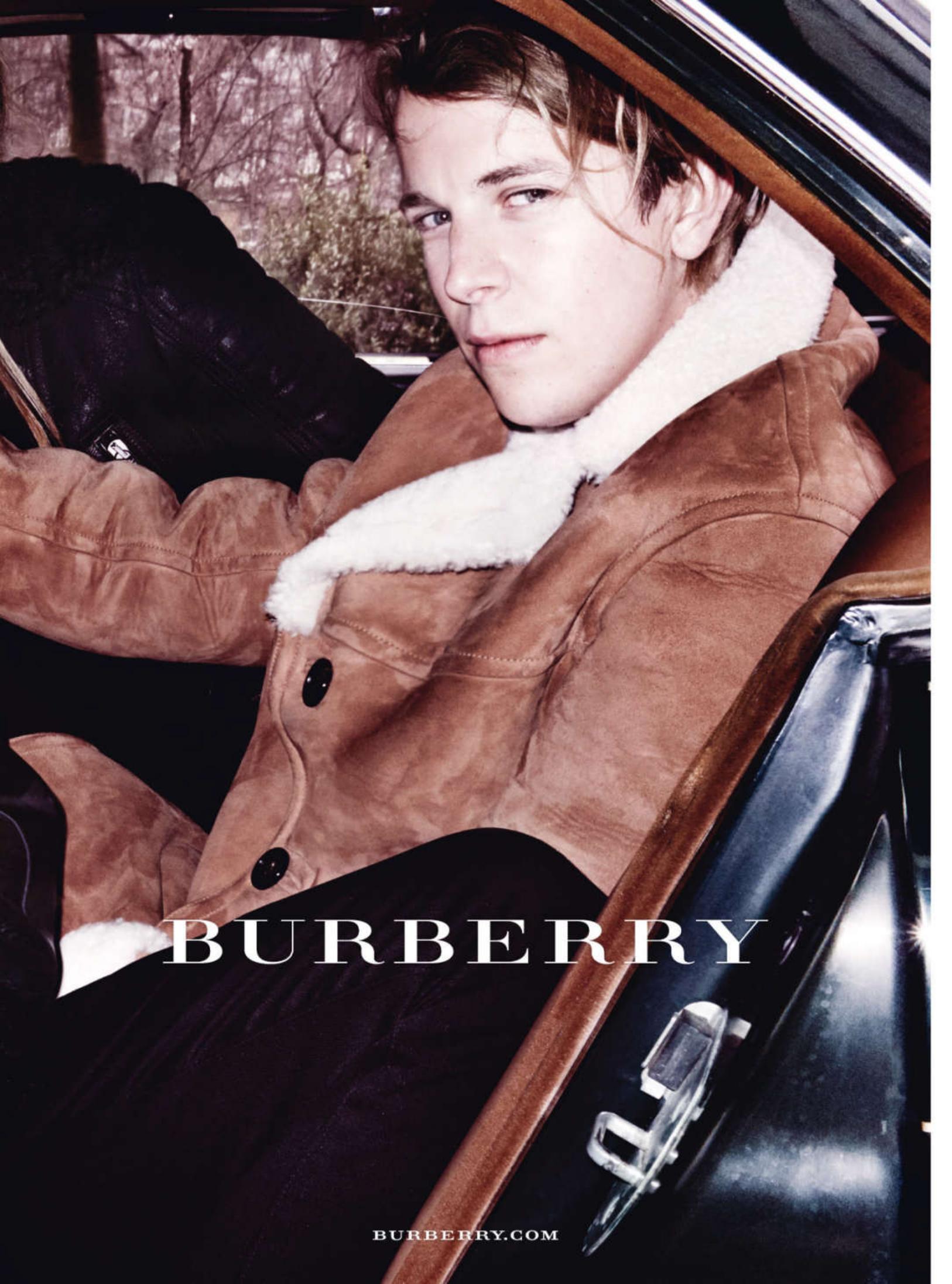
IN CINEMAS



JAMES BOND'S CHOICE

Ω
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A color photograph of a young man with light brown hair, wearing a brown leather jacket with a white fur-trimmed collar and two black buttons. He is leaning against the open door of a dark-colored car, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background shows a wooded area.

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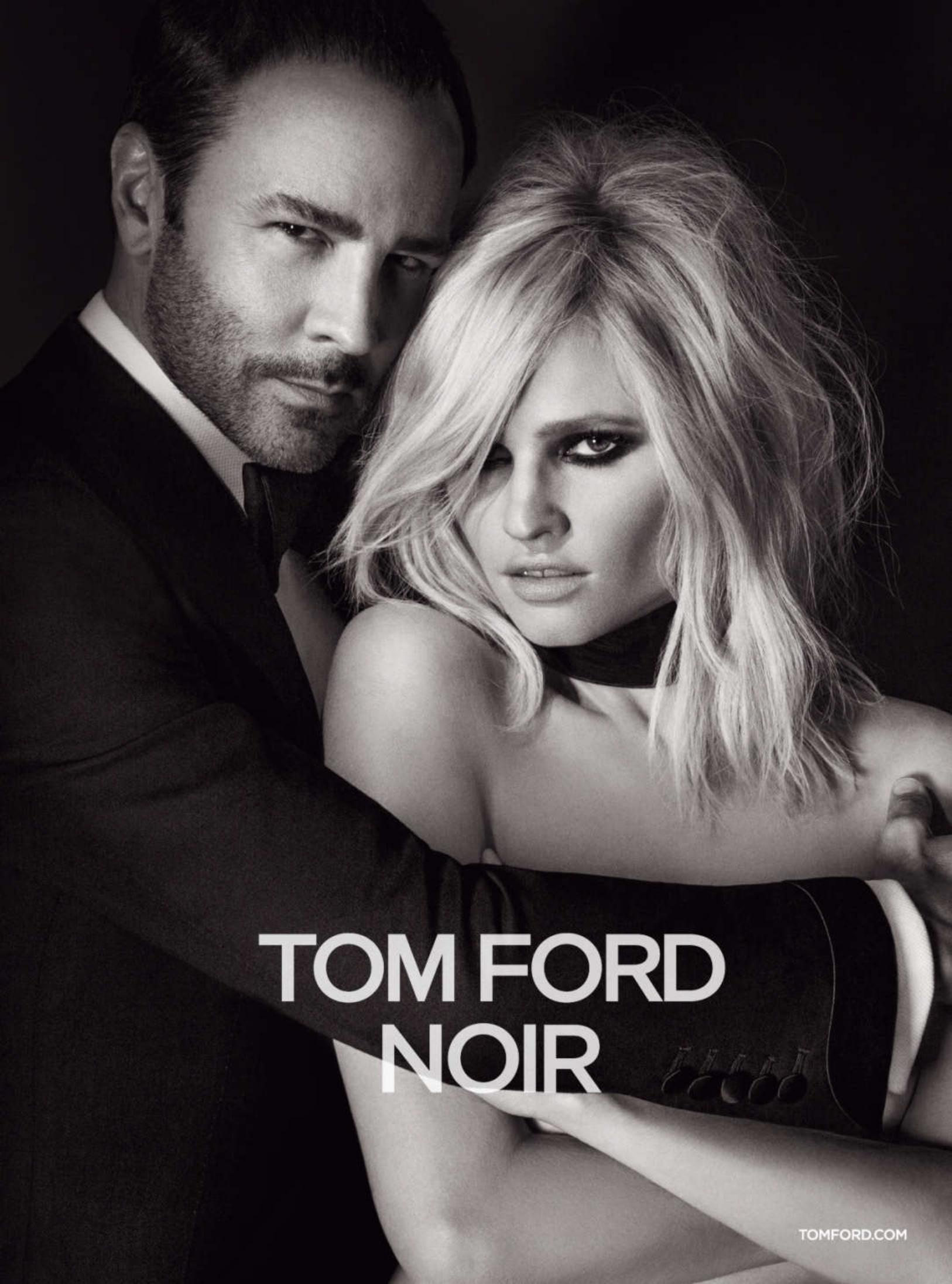
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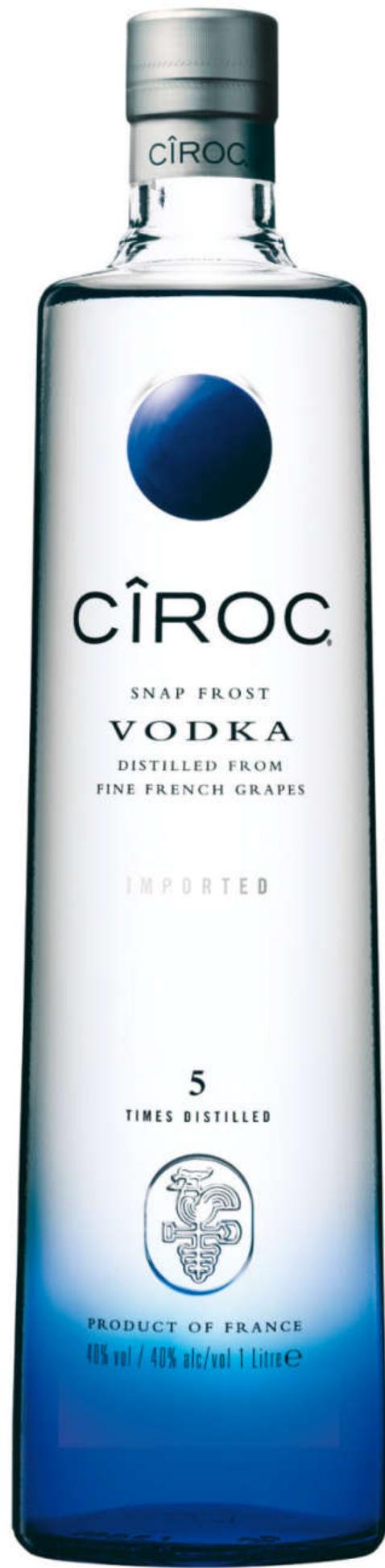
On Arrival

Mayana Moura & Helena Bordon
for Cîroc Vodka—Rio de Janeiro





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A black and white photograph of Johnny Depp. He has long, dark hair and a beard. He is wearing a dark, button-down shirt. His right arm is visible, showing a tattooed sleeve and several bracelets and rings. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background is a bright, hazy landscape.

SAUVAGE

THE NEW FRAGRANCE

Dior



Kate Winslet – P190
“People are still surprised when I’m foul-mouthed and very much not the polite English rose type that they really do believe I am. Which is so strange”

Esquire

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COVERS



Kate Winslet

Photographs Alexi Lubomirski
Kate Winslet wears Newsstand and subscriber editions: black wool coat, by Jason Wu.
Black lace bra, by Agent Provocateur.
This page: black lace bodysuit, by Agent Provocateur.

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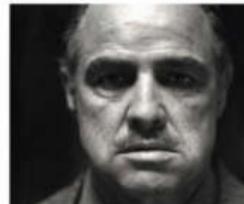
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Actor Ben Mendelsohn models the finest winter knitwear

Chris Leah | Simon Lipman | Alamy | Rowan Fee

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John Niven

"I get to have incredible fun writing novels and movies," says Niven. "As Steven King said, 'The worst three hours I ever spent at my desk were still pretty fucking good'. The trouble often starts when you move away from the desk and into the business of getting the movie made." With the film of his book *Kill Your Friends* out in November, the celebrated Scottish author enlightens us on the trials of getting stories onto the big screen.

Alexi Lubomirski

"Kate Winslet was in incredible shape, the best I have ever seen her," the *Esquire* debutant says of our cover star. "She's always amazing to shoot, as she morphs into any character you ask her to play. She is also a classic beauty so makes my life very easy." The New York-based photographer's work has appeared in *Harper's Bazaar*, and his book, *Princely Advice for a Happy Life* (Simon & Schuster), is out now.

AA Gill

Do the sexual problems of *Esquire* readers shock Uncle Dysfunctional? "The question should be, am I ever surprised?" he says. "The truth is, about getting older, that I am less and less surprised by anything, but I'm more and more shocked. When I was 19, nothing shocked me; everything surprised me. Now I'm 61, nothing surprises and everything shocks." Gill's memoir, *Pour Me* (Orion), is out on 12 November.

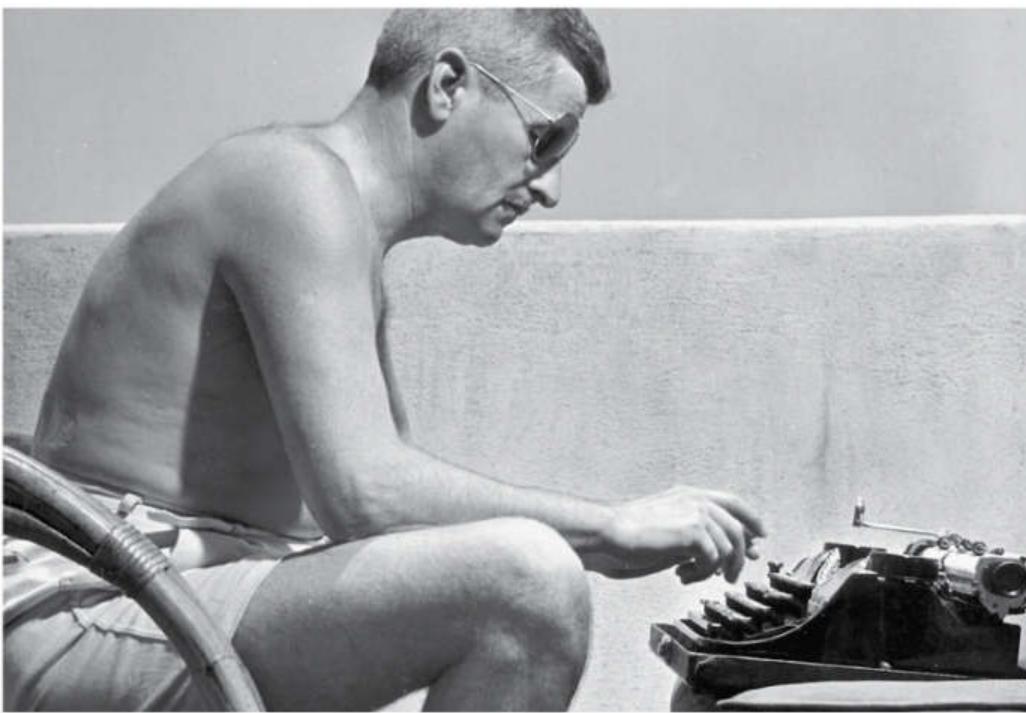


DOLCE & GABBANA

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Esquire

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A new breed of magician is trying to put the cool into conjuring. Will it ever work?

CONTRIBUTORS

Miranda Collinge

Our features editor joined Kate Winslet for a day at the beach to talk space travel, egos, playing baddies and the smells of New York. "She is incredibly warm and unaffected," Collinge says, "and could teach most of us a thing or two about juggling work and family. It's rare to meet someone so at ease in both expensive lingerie and a baby carrier — though not, admittedly, at the same time."

Richard Benson

"Researching the crafts craze opened up new horizons for me," says the contributing editor of his report on all things artisan (page 170). "For example, I hadn't expected to enjoy wooden spoon carving; after trying it, I'd say everyone should have a go." Benson's latest book, *The Valley: A Hundred Years in the Life of a Yorkshire Family* (Bloomsbury), won the 2015 James Tait Black Memorial Prize for biography.

Jim Merrett

Former *Esquire* staffer Merrett ponders the reputational transformation of those in the business of magic (page 200). "Growing up in the Eighties and Nineties, my image of the magician is synonymous with Paul Daniels," he says. "So how did the likes of Dynamo become the darlings of the 21st-century fashion industry? They clearly have a few tricks up their sleeves." Merrett is chief sub-editor of *Women's Health*.

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EDITOR'S LETTER

WHEN IT COMES TO FAMOUS ENTERTAINERS, first and last I am a fan. Not, thank the Lord Vader, a fanboy. Or even a fanman. Just a fan. It doesn't sound cool or sophisticated but it makes sense that someone who does what I do — editing a magazine that devotes a substantial amount of space each month to coverage of popular culture and the people who make it — is himself a greedy consumer of films and music and books and art and theatre and photography and the rest of it. In fact, we magazine types crave all that stuff so much we've found a way to earn a living, at least in part, by satisfying our appetites for it. For you, a new novel by a cherished author or a film by a hot director or a visit to a gallery is an opportunity for escape and enjoyment and perhaps even enrichment: for me it's those things, too, and it's also part of my job. Win-win.

The result of this enthusiasm is that magazine people tend to admire, even venerate, the subjects of our articles. We feel grateful to them for their work. We wish them well.

I don't mean all of them. I don't mean every famous person is deserving of fulsome lavishments from the men's style press. I don't mean the goatee'd bread-botherer who tastes the cakes on telly with Mary Berry, or Keith Lemon, or Skrillex. It's not like *Esquire* is completely credulous and craven and refuses to turn a critical eye on *anything*. But if it's mean-spirited menacing of well-known creative types you're after, there are plenty of other publications, print and digital, where you can get your nasty fix.

Much is said about the toxicity of online celebrity coverage: all those anonymous, malodorous keyboard warriors who spend their time traducing people more glamorous than themselves in the comments section of the MailOnline. Less is said about the loathing many journalists — and not just tabloid doorsteppers — feel towards successful people in the pop arts. They dislike them on principle and are determined to do them down. It seems odd to me to cover a beat — celebrity, entertainment — in which you hold your subjects in contempt, but they do. At *Esquire*, for the most part, we ignore what we don't like and focus on what we do. (That cheap shot at Skrillex: sorry, Skrillex. That was beneath us.)

All of which is a long-winded way of saying that I'm an unabashed fan of our cover star, Kate Winslet — which is how she comes to be on the cover. There's nothing original about this. Lots of people are fans of Kate Winslet. She is widely regarded as among the very finest talents of her generation — man, woman or Kardashian. Of course, I'm a fan of the work of all the people we put on the cover. But with Winslet, it's personal. I have a soft spot.

I was once sent to New York to interview her for a well-known women's fashion magazine. (Good gig, that: flying to the States on someone else's dime to spend a day, breakfast to dinner, with one of the most enchanting performers in the business.) She was a sparkling interviewee: warm, funny and wholly committed to the conversation. At one point, comparing her own experiences as a wife and mother to those of a character in one of her films, she began to cry — I don't blame myself unduly — because she is also, of course, a gold-plated luvvie. (Come on, give an Oscar-winner a break: if Kate Winslet can't be a gold-plated luvvie, then who can?) Lacking much idea of what to do in that situation, I placed a hopelessly inadequate hand on her knee and apologised for upsetting her. "Fuck it," she said, wiping away tears. It was all I could do to prevent myself joining in.

I was sorely tempted to drive down to Sussex to interview her again for this issue. But the last thing we need is another unseemly blub-a-thon (this is supposed to be a magazine with a stiff upper lip rather than a wobbly bottom one; you don't want your editor weeping on the shoulder of your cover star, do you?), so instead I sent the much cooler and more poised than me Miranda Collinge, to meet Winslet. There were no tears, but I think the resulting piece speaks eloquently for how Miranda found Kate: a good egg, game for anything, who also happens to be an international screen sensation.

The more cynical among you will be delighted to know that this issue is not entirely devoted to celebrity adoration. It is also devoted to SpoonFest — yes, it's a festival of spoon carving — which is just

one of the woolly, woody gatherings Richard Benson visited for his timely and funny investigation into the craze for craft. You may think this is a trend that has passed you by, but if you drink craft lager or wear a beard or think handmade is inevitably superior to mass produced, then you, my urbane friend, are craftier than you think. Take the *Esquire* test on page 175 to find out exactly how crafty.

What else? Ted Danson on marriage, money and more; Jim Merrett on why magic can't be cool; a typically outrageous piece from the *Kill Your Friends* novelist John Niven on his Hollywood screenwriting triumphs and disasters; AA Gill on sex; Jeremy Langmead on style; Russell Norman on food; Tom Barber on travel; a new column from Tom Macklin. Plus Ben Mendelsohn models autumn fashion. And yes, I'm a fan of all of that lot, too.



Join the fan club: the spectacular Kate Winslet is this month's *Esquire* cover star

Alex Bilmes
Editor-in-Chief

"If it's mean-spirited menacing of well-known creative types you're after, there are plenty of other publications where you can get your nasty fix"

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AA Gill is Esquire's

UNCLE DYSFUNCTIONAL

This month, our agony expert stands up to defend the “Cinderella of sexual congress”, and helps one relieved reader whose relationship is on the brink

Dear Uncle Dysfunctional,
 My girlfriend's got the right hump. About a massage. She's packing bags, crying on the phone to her mum, swearing blue murder at me and, frankly, I can't make head nor arsehole of it. I like a bit of a rubdown. It relaxes me. I've got a high-stress job (better not ask), I like to have a bit of a schvitz and a stretch in the gym, a lounge in the hot fog, and then a bit of a deep-tissue pummel. There's a good girl at my gym and she always finishes me off in the correct and time-expected manner. And I've never thought anything about it. I mean, who doesn't get a happy ending? It's not even a thing. You bung her a tip and say, "Ta", and you feel great and smoothed out for a high-octane evening. How relaxed are you going to be with an angry stalk on? And who doesn't get a stiffy on the table? It's just another bit of your bod that needs de-stressing. Anyway, the girlfriend — I say the girlfriend, but we've been together for a couple of years and have got a sprog, and I think that she's it, give or take — she overheard me and a couple of mates having a bit of a natter about hand jobs, and she cornered me after and said, "Do you ever indulge?" And I said, "No, except for a polish after the massage." And she goes inter-fucking-galactic. "You're cheating on me and the kid, and you've been doing it all the time we've been together. I thought you loved me. I feel betrayed and humiliated. What am I going to tell little Taylor?" Bloody hell. I never saw this coming. And the thing is, I'm as good as gold. I never play away from home. My dad was a dog and I remember what it put my dear mum through. Anyway, what can I say? This doesn't mean anything, right?

Alan, London

Dear Alan,
 Well, yes and no. We've covered cheating quite a lot here. But, apparently, your ever-alert penises have short memories. I sometimes imagine *Esquire* readers' penises as a troupe of bored meerkats all up on their hind legs, sniffing the air for juicy poon; never still, always questing



with evil, ravenous, little beady smirks. And then I have to think about something else, like Buddhist sandpainting. The first point to make is that the definition of what is and isn't cheating is not down to the man in the dock. If you've been fouled, it isn't for the opposing team to say whether or not they were just playing the ball. If you've been robbed, it isn't for the dip to hold up his hands and say he didn't think you'd miss it. So, cheating is not what you can get away with. It's what she feels about what you get away with. And the truth is some partners roll their eyes at a hand job in a spa, and some partners shrug at a drunken gobble in a dressing room. But not many. And only if they're playing away themselves or they don't care that much about your knob one way or the other. The big question here is: would you feel as sanguine if she were doing it to you? Say, after a pedicure she got a generous fingering? Probably not. The thing with blokes and hand jobs is that they like to imagine they're closer to a wank than fornication, whereas girls don't even like to think about their boyfriends having one off the wrist on their own. The big deal is that it involves a third party. And now you have to ask yourself, does it matter who this third hand belongs to? I'm assuming your masseur is fit enough, but what if she were a 20-stone Bulgarian minger? What if she >

The hand job is all too often overlooked. It's thought of as second best, a consolation prize, a brush off, when it is a thing of skill and beauty. Don't think of the assisted wank as either humble or negligible. In the right hands, it is the epilepsy of heaven

was a bloke? Would you be satisfied with a happy ending from a male masseur? I thought not. So, it's not just a mechanical relief, is it? Because the mechanic matters. And there's a telling anecdote about that. A shy cello player with a prominent symphony orchestra is on tour in the Far East. A horn player tells him that, if he fancies it, there's a really good massage parlour next to the hotel. Never having done anything like this, the cellist nervously books in for an hour's relaxing stroke. The masseur's only done one leg when he's sporting an expectant stiffy like a drumstick, and she smiles and winks and says, "Would you like a wank, soldier?" "Oh, well, actually, yes. I would rather," says the cellist. "OK," she replies, going to the door, "I'll be back in five minutes when you've finished." You see, it wasn't a thing. If it wasn't a thing, as you put it, you could always have seen to yourself, but the real point is that she cares. You would mind far more if she didn't. A lot of loving someone is protecting them from the vulnerability of their love. You had a duty not to let the mother of your child be hurt by her love for you. And if that twinges with guilt, well it's not due to a sordid tug in the gym, it's because you've failed at the first job of being in love, which is to make the person who offers their love back feel safe.

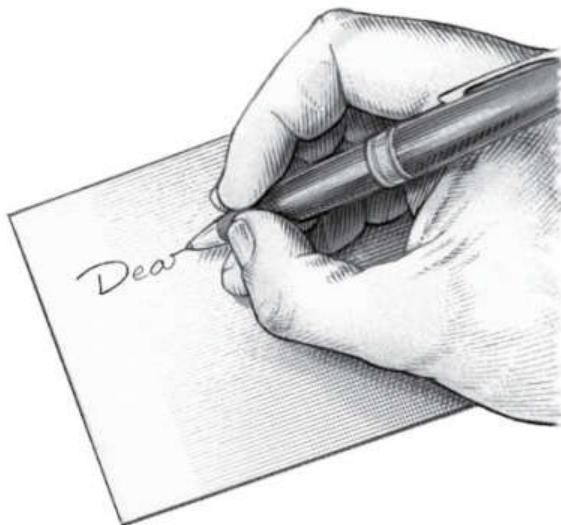
Let us pause a moment and remember the humble hand job, the Cinderella of sexual congress all too often overlooked and unconsidered compared to its two noisier, messier and more demanding sisters, the gobble and the hump. The tug is always thought of as being second best, a consolation prize, a brush off, when in fact it is a thing of skill and beauty — the sex act with the most dexterous control, and prestidigitatious possibilities. A skilled, hand-crafted rub-a-dub-dub can keep the recipient on the agonising edge of a mission for minutes, and the ability to tease the *moment critique* is a highly sought-after skill. A hand job can either be a helter-skelter spin, a mad dash of emetic exuberance, or a slow torture of postponed pleasure. It is the drum solo of the sexual concept album and, in the hands of a master, a thing of divine and

agonising beauty. Don't think of the assisted wank as either humble or negligible. In the right hands, it is the epilepsy of heaven.

Over the years, we at *Esquire* have collected a short spankography of the unlikely and inappropriate places that people — girls and boys — have been asked to offer hand relief. Laura says she was once asked to toss an ex-boyfriend off in a graveyard at the funeral of his father because he was so sad. And then asked to make it a blow job because his dead dad would have wanted it that way. There are a lot of requests for hand jobs in churches during services, obviously a lot at weddings, and Julie says that she was asked for a crafty tug by the best man because he was so turned on by her frock; she was the bride.

Sarah says she got drunk and took numerous pills and mind-altering herbs to settle her nerves at her new posh boyfriend's family black-tie dinner in a stately home, but got confused, and stuck her hand down the thigh of her beau's father. When she tried to retrieve the situation, he grabbed her wrist, rearranged his napkin, and winked. James (not his real name) says he gave manual relief to an aged but still fit Lord during the Queen's Speech in the Palace of Westminster.

Grahame's mother says that at her Grahame's 10th birthday party, a little lad came into the kitchen and pulled down his shorts to reveal a keen, buoyant little pee pee. The lad said that Grahame had said that his mum would give him a hand with it. She said firmly that she couldn't, but told him that if anyone more than twice his age ever touched the boy's willy, it would turn blue and grow curly like a pig's tail. Which, incidentally, is true. ☺



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40mm with rhodium
quadrant dial, £25,100
rolex.com



Seize the Day-Date

Rolex's classic "President" watch grows in stature

→ Wearing a Rolex is special. Like being in a secret club or owning a car that makes other drivers do a double-take, a Rolex is a statement of discernment and style.

The brand's classic Oyster Perpetual Day-Date Chronometer — released in 1956 — is possibly the most copied wristwatch model

in the world, the epitome of simple, successful design. Aside from being the first timepiece to feature self-changing day and date indicators, Rolex's Day-Date (known as the "President" watch) has been a long-time favourite of US leaders — Eisenhower, John F Kennedy and Lyndon B Johnson all wore one.

Now, the timepiece has been reimagined with a larger 40mm case and fitted with a new, super-accurate calibre 3255 movement with a 70-hour power reserve. What's more, it's available in platinum, 18ct yellow gold, rose gold or, our favourite, white gold, shown here with a chic white dial.

Weather beaters

Your new winter wardrobe starts here, with this season's essential outer layers

→ Short of that silk-cashmere-mix suit from Berluti you've been eyeing up, your new winter coat will most likely be the biggest wardrobe purchase you make all year. Here, to help you make the right decision on your new-season outer layer, is *Esquire's* guide to the best coats for the coming cold spell.



1. Olive wool
fur-trimmed
parka, £3,735, by
**Ralph Lauren
Purple Label**



2



4



3

2. Grey wool
fur-trimmed,
£1,465, by **Moncler**
3. Navy wool parka,
£380, by **Tommy
Hilfiger Tailored**
4. Green Harris Tweed
fur-trimmed
parka, £1,200, by
Timothy Everest

1 of 4 THE PARKA

Everyone needs a parka, and right now is the time to invest in something as puffy and fur-lined as possible. What's more, you should be teaming yours with a suit as opposed to the classic jeans and jumper. The unexpected combination has a distinctly north Italian feel.

>

Nature does nothing in vain

—ARISTOTLE—



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2 of 4 THE SHEARLING

Shearling was everywhere last winter, and it's the same for autumn/winter 2015. This time, it's all about oversized, cloud-like collars, brown shades and plenty of volume. Wear with grey pleated wool trousers and a chunky cream fisherman's jumper for a covetable mid-winter look.



1



2

2. Tan/black, leather-shearling coat, £1,995, by **Coach**



3

3. Black leather-shearling jacket, £3,090, by **Tod's**

1. Brown/white suede-shearling jacket, £2,995, by **Burberry Prorsum**

3 of 4 THE DOUBLE-BREasted COAT

Oversized, double-breasted outer layers, which look as much like capes as they do coats, are big news. Wear with neutral shades and skinny pieces beneath, or team with winter-friendly chunky knitwear.



1



2



3

1. Camel wool fur-collared double-breasted coat, £960, by **Vivienne Westwood**

3. Grey wool-cashmere double-breasted coat, £730, by **Paul Smith**

2. Blue wool double-breasted coat, £470, by **Tiger of Sweden**

>

4 of 4

THE TEXTURED COAT

This autumn, the focus is on texture, from shaved alpaca bomber jackets by Oliver Spencer, to bouclé wool, yak-like overcoats by Wooyoungmi and slim-line cashmere greatcoats by Richard James. If it doesn't make you want to bury your face in it, it isn't worth buying.



1. Brown alpaca double-breasted coat, £790, by **Oliver Spencer**

3. Navy wool coat, £475, by **J Crew**

2. Camel wool-angora coat, £1,245, by **Z Zegna**

4. Grey wool-alpaca blend double-breasted coat, £595, by **Daks**



JACOB COHËN

Steve McCurry





J.CREW

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COMING SOON TO REDCHURCH STREET

A vertical photograph showing three studio lights against a light-colored brick wall. One large, bright light is at the top left, another smaller one is below it to the right, and a third large light is at the bottom left. The scene is dimly lit by these lights.

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THE RELUCTANT COOK

Taming the yeast

Russell Norman on how to bake your daily bread



→ I love words. I find language fascinating. I'm one of those annoying people who is a real stickler for correct use and pronunciation, and when I hear or read a clanger, I have a physical reaction like an electric shock. But don't worry, my therapist says I'm making good progress.

Nowhere is the territory more potentially painful to someone like me than in the world of restaurants. There are some words I simply can't say. I am unable to utter "croissant" without wanting to gouge my own eyes out. Don't even talk to me about "pain au chocolat"; it's impossible to

articulate without sounding like a total twat. I'm fed up with having the "do you say restaurateur or restauranteur?" argument (it's the former, of course), and the next person who pronounces turmeric as "choo-mer-ic" within my earshot will get more than an earful.

There is another, altogether more insidious and troubling fashion, however, and that is the use of those teeth-jarring adjectives to describe otherwise normal foodstuffs. So often these days you will find burgers described as gourmet. I'm talking about bespoke salads (is there any

other type?) and hand-cut chips (how else do you bloody cut them? With your knees?) The most hateful of all is anything described as artisan. It's meaningless and insulting. Artisan coffee? Artisan bread? Artisan jam? Oh, please...

Evil adjectives in cooking don't stop there. It particularly riles me when I read a menu that dares to tell me, in qualitative terms, how good the restaurant's food tastes. "Our delicious spaghetti carbonara" or "awesome rosemary fries" or "Marco's scrumptious chicken cutlets". No, my dear restaurant, it's not actually up to

Above: The best thing since...
Norman with his freshly baked loaf

you to tell me how great the food is. I will be the judge of that, thank you very much.

For a lesson in simple elegance, sparse prose and honest clarity, look no further than the menu at St John in Clerkenwell. For 21 years, with only a smattering of ampersands and commas between them, the words on the menu there have spoken for themselves. "Peas in the pod", "Pigeon & braised chicory", "Kid faggots & mash". When it comes to menus, Fergus Henderson is the David Mamet of the restaurant world.

Now, talking of elegance, honesty and simplicity, I think that every

"It's always impressive to emerge through a fog of mellow baking aromas, fresh bread in your mitts"

amateur cook, even a reluctant one like me, should know how to make that simplest and most honest of things, a loaf of bread. There is something elemental about the transformation of flour, yeast and water into dough and it is almost alchemic to watch it mutate again

into a warm, springy loaf. It is always impressive to emerge from the kitchen though a mellow fog of baking aromas, flour on your apron and fresh bread in your oven mitts.

This recipe is for a simple, fool-proof white loaf. (You can substitute with wholemeal flour if you want to be slightly more virtuous.) Make sure you prepare it in a warm kitchen with warm hands and no draughts. Just don't dare describe it as artisan.

Twitter: @RussellNorman
Russell's new book Spuntino: Comfort Food (New York Style) is out now, published by Bloomsbury



A very easy loaf of white bread

Ingredients

- 600g very strong white flour
- 7g "easy bake" yeast
- 2 level tsps fine salt
- 1 heaped tsp caster sugar
- 20g soft, unsalted butter
- 320ml warm water

Method

1 Grease a traditional 2lb loaf tin with a little of the butter. Set aside. Dissolve the sugar in a measuring jug with 120ml boiling water from the kettle. Now add 200ml cold water. Stir and set aside. Place the flour, salt and yeast into a very large mixing bowl and rub the remaining butter into the flour. Make a well and, a little at a time, add the warm water from the jug, pushing the mixture together with your free hand. Continue to work it into a dough, adding water a little at a time so it doesn't become too wet and sticky.

2 Turn the dough out onto a floured surface and then, pushing forward, pressing down, pulling back and stretching (all quite vigorously), knead the dough for a good 10mins until smooth and springy. Shape into a fat, rounded oblong and place into the greased loaf tin. Cover with a warm, damp tea towel and carefully transfer to a cosy, draughtless area for at least an hour, until the dough has doubled in size.

3 Meanwhile, preheat the oven to 220°C. Carefully remove the tea towel, sprinkle some flour on the top of the loaf, place on the oven's middle shelf and gently close the door. After 15mins, reduce temperature to 200°C and turn the loaf around. Bake for a further 20mins until the loaf is fully risen and golden brown. Using oven gloves, remove from the tin and tap the bottom of the loaf. It should sound hollow.

4 Stand it on a wire rack for 3-4mins and, ignoring what everyone tells you about not eating hot bread, cut a thick slice, spread generously with butter and go for it.



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Dark brown suede
and leather Peekaboo
doctor's bag, £3,860,
fendi.com

Say aah!

Fendi's sumptuous new satchel is just what the doctor ordered this season

→ Best known for fur coats, stoles and scarves, Roman brand Fendi has upped its menswear game of late. Thanks to the creative direction of Silvia Venturini Fendi, its past few collections have been wearable and on-trend. Autumn/winter 2015, for instance, features round-shouldered suits and jackets in tweed and corduroy, while coats cut from shearling and reversible suede are understated and chic. The best elements of the collection, however,

are its accessories: backpacks feature the brand's trademark "monster eyes"; high-colour sneakers and chunky loafers maintain its contemporary tone; while the Peekaboo doctor's bag proves Fendi's credentials as a superlative luggage-maker. First released in 2008 for women, it has recently been produced in a men's version. The dégradé leather take on the style — featuring a suede top that fades elegantly into a buffed leather base — is our pick of the range.

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AN ICON JUST GOT LARGER

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In Bond

Champagne fit for HM's top spy
in a box worthy of Q's best work

→ James Bond's love of Bollinger champagne is one of the few meaningful relationships he's maintained over the decades. It began with 1973's *Live and Let Die*, when Roger Moore's Bond ordered a bottle to his Caribbean hotel room, and it's endured right up till *Spectre*.

Ian Fleming first mentioned Bollinger by name in his 1956 novel, *Diamonds are Forever*, but it was producer Albert Broccoli who featured it in the films. Fiercely protective of the brand's distinguished reputation, Madame Bollinger's nephews had to be wooed into agreement in the Seventies, but Broccoli's perseverance has since led to a highly fruitful partnership.

In line with the release of *Spectre*, Bollinger has produced a limited-edition cuvée. Taken from the 2009 vintage, it is richly flavoured with a deep, golden hue, and the slick black cool box (pictured, inset, from above) that each bottle is packaged in will keep the champagne cold for up to two hours out of a fridge. Plus, its metal finish replicates that of Bond's weapon of choice — the Walther PPK pistol. Naturally.

£125, champagne-bollinger.com

"I take a ridiculous pleasure in what I eat and drink" – James Bond, *Casino Royale*, 1953

We all know what 007 drinks, but what about when he's hungry? Here's a selection of Bond's favourite snacks



1. Beluga caviar
On Her Majesty's Secret Service, 1969
Caviar crops up often, but George Lazenby's Bond identifies this bling, spotting it as from "north of the Caspian".



2. Foie gras and quail's egg
Never Say Never Again, 1983
In addition to the beloved caviar, Connery dines on quail's egg, vodka and pâté de foie gras with nurse Patricia Fearing.



3. Omelette
A View To A Kill, 1985
Ever the gent, Roger Moore whips up his "quiche de cabinet" for the alluring Stacey Sutton. Otherwise known as omelette, he admits.



4. Harrods hamper
The Living Daylights, 1987
Timothy Dalton brings Soviet defector Georgi Koskov a Harrods hamper containing pâté de foie gras, which he declares is "excellent".



5. A bit of the other
Die Another Day, 2002
Pierce Brosnan doesn't eat much, but earns the reputation of a Bond who enjoys, claims Miranda Frost, "sex for dinner, death for breakfast."

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→ Underestimate Western Europe's oldest capital at your peril. A port at the centre of what was once a vast and wealthy maritime empire will always be a cosmopolitan place to hang out. Lisbon does distinct districts beautifully, with the formality of the central Praça do Comércio (created after the earthquake of 1755) flanked by the winding lanes of the Alfama, the city's centre under the Arabic occupation of Iberia, and the once-seedy and now achingly cool dockyard area of Cais do Sodré. The city has rediscovered its mojo in a major way: where bacalao (salt cod) was once the culinary high (ie, not very high at all), young chefs are reimagining Portuguese *petiscos* (tapas); meanwhile, elegant town houses are being converted into chic hotels, and the nightlife is as good as any self-respecting seafront city should expect.

Tom Barber is a founder of originaltravel.co.uk

Stay →

While the Bairro Alto Hotel in the district of the same name remains a winner, we also love the new Hotel Valverde, located on the city's most bling boulevard, and with rooms by the same designers as the Bairro Alto. After the inevitable big night out, retire to the Pateo garden, complete with pool, five o'clock tea and cocktail bar, or settle in for a movie in the small cinema. The restaurant serves a range of excellent modern Portuguese fare. valverdehotel.com

**Lunch**

Exhibit A of the vision that is transforming the city's culinary fortunes, the 19th-century Mercado da Ribeira, which was getting a bit tired to say the least, has been completely overhauled (by *Time Out*, of all people). Half remains a traditional food market that's great for browsing, while the other half has been transformed into a food hall with outlets from some of Portugal's best chefs, including Alexandre Silva, previously of the excellent Bica do Sapato restaurant. Sit at one of the long communal tables and try his black risotto with scallops and seaweed accompanied with a glass of Corrente white from the Alentejo wine region.

Dine

Long Iberia's culinary poor relation, things are on a roll thanks largely to two chefs, Nuno Mendes (of Chiltern Firehouse fame) and Jose Avillez (ex-El Bulli), who has opened five restaurants in the Cais do Sodré and Chiado districts. Avillez's Belcanto has just received a second Michelin star. Have the 360° Discoveries tasting menu, which shows how Portugal's former colonies have influenced the country's cuisine. belcanto.pt

**See**

Street art on an epic scale. The city may be on the up, but there were enough derelict buildings – and city-government visionaries – for artists such as local hero Vhils and Brazilian twins Os Gêmeos to make some of the world's finest public art.

Drink ↓

The nightlife action has moved along the Tagus river waterfront, from Doca de Alcantara in the shadow of the 25 de Abril Bridge to Cais do Sodré. A cracker is Pensão Amor, which was once a brothel frequented by sailors. It retains a bawdy bordello feel, with suitably X-rated artwork and objets de smut in the loos. And the cocktails are pretty decent. pensaoamor.pt

Do

Use the city as your base camp for everything from surfing in Cascais (half an hour to the west) to serious beach action in Comporta (an hour south), a supercool boho hangout where glamorous Lisbonites hire villas for the summer.

When in... →

Eat tinned fish. Head to the original Thirties Conserveira de Lisboa shop on Rua dos Bacalhoeiros or the outlet in the Mercado da Ribeira for delicious tinned anchovies, octopus and, best of all, sardines in lemon, packaged in beautiful vintage tins. Alternatively, the ring-pull cans make an ideal midnight refuel at Sol e Pesca, a fishing-tackle shop turned hip bar.

**Avoid**

Fado, Portugal's inimitable and melancholic folk music. It has its merits as a cultural phenomenon (so much so that it has just earned Unesco World Heritage status) and there are many wonderful practitioners of the art. But nothing will kill a night out's form quicker than being stuck in a restaurant listening to a fado singer in full remorse mode. Makes country music sound like euphoric trance.

Party

Head to hot bar and club A Bom, O Mau e O Vilão ("the good, the bad and the ugly"), which is very light on the latter, as Lisbon's abundant beautiful types congregate here. It's also a very convenient place to wander to and from Pensão Amor (see Drinks). It's just 30ft away and serves a wide range of craft gins and also hosts DJ-driven revelry until late at weekends.

Shop

More than a century on, the tiny shoe shop Sapataria do Carmo still stocks supremely dapper, handcrafted gents' footwear for about half the price you'd pay in London. sapatariadocarmo.com

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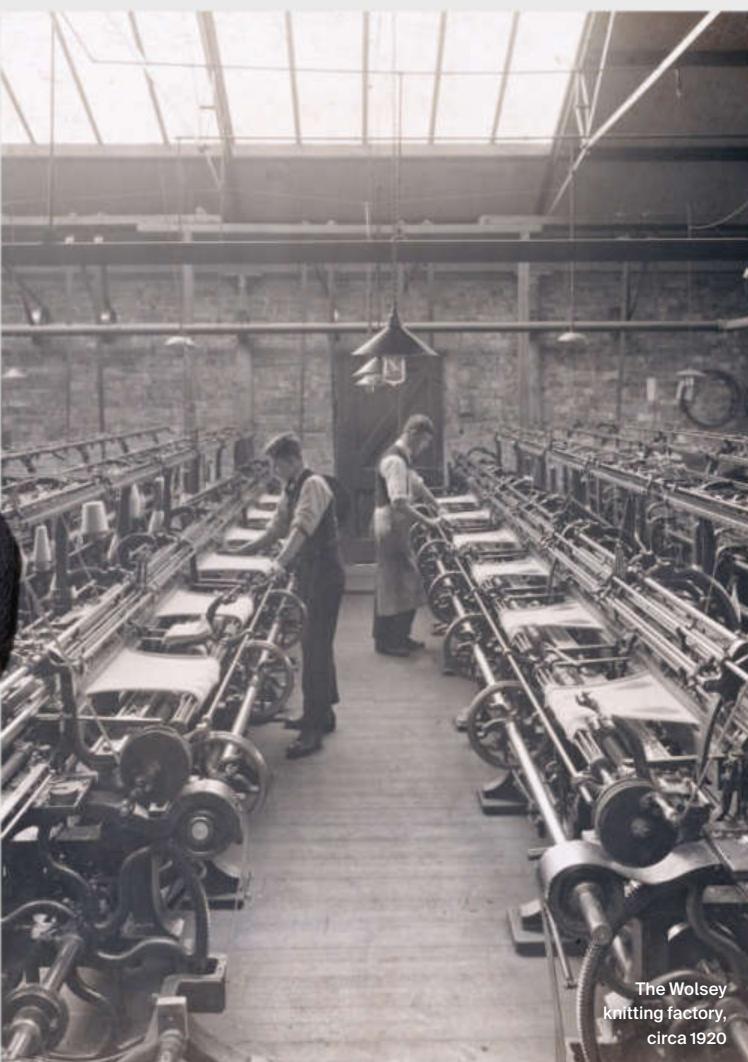
Grey wool jumper, £180



Grey wool scarf, £75



Grey wool overcoat, £450



The Wolsey knitting factory, circa 1920

What, these old things?

Wolsey's new capsule collection commemorates the brand's (astonishing) 260th anniversary

Many brands extol their lengthy heritage, but few can claim as much history as Wolsey. The firm was started in Leicester in 1755 by Henry and Ann Wood, two cottage-industry hosiers with a knack for exemplary quality and craftsmanship. As time passed, Wolsey expanded into wider industrial production of knitwear, earning global acclaim and a Royal Warrant.

This year, Wolsey celebrates its 260th anniversary, marking it with its Made in UK capsule collection. There's knitwear, accessories and

even a baseball cap, but the stars have to be the two outerwear pieces – an overcoat and a pea coat. Everything is made in Britain, and there's a limit of just 100 items of each piece.

Inspiration has come from the company's history of kitteing out Arctic explorers with serious cold-weather kit, as well as the garments it has provided for the military. For those looking to face the great British winter with vigour and a stiff upper lip, you may have found your uniform. wolsey.com

Staying power

The big brands in it for the long haul

1676 Lock & Co



Claims to be the oldest hat shop in the world, and one of the oldest family-run businesses still operating.

1689 Ede & Ravenscroft



The oldest tailoring house in London – and maybe the world – Ede & Ravenscroft has made official robes for 12 royal coronations. So far, that is.

1839 Patek Philippe



The company started life as Patek, Czapek & Cie, and is now the oldest independent, family-owned watchmaker in Geneva.

1873 Church's



The Church family has been making shoes since 1675, and founded its renowned company 200 years later.

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NEW
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Cup winner

James Bailey of Workshop Coffee gives his expert tips to making the perfect espresso at home

1. The Baron coffee beans, £60/2kg, by Climpson & Sons

4. Espresso cup and saucer, £17.50, from SCP

2. Rocky Doser grinder, £235, by Rancilio

5. Grounds tamper, £24, by Motta

3. White Linea Mini espresso machine, £3,235, by La Marzocco



Buy good beans

You won't make a good cup of espresso without first having good coffee, no matter what your set-up. Buy the very best beans you can, and grind before each dose of espresso. You want to buy from a roaster that advertises the roast dates on its bags and, ideally, the harvest date to make sure the coffee is from a fresh harvest. Espresso doesn't all taste the same, but is just one way of brewing coffee, so be adventurous and explore different styles and origins.

Equipment

The common mistake is to spend most of your budget on a machine and underestimate the importance of a good grinder. Baristas use Mythos-One Clima-Pros, Anfims, Robur Mazzer-Es, Mahlkönig EK43s and the like, but there is a range of great home espresso grinders with smaller footprints, such as the Rancilio Rocky Doser (pictured). You want minimal grind retention and the ability to make micro-adjustments. The espresso machine you buy should deliver constant pressure and temperature and, ideally, both should be adjustable. If it does the same thing each time you're on to a winner.

Know your water

If it's too hard, the water in your espresso machine can damage it by leaving scale. Also, the treatment agents in tap water can impart an off-flavour, and you won't do justice to the great coffee you're now buying. A dream set-up would include a home RO (reverse osmosis) unit – speak to the helpful people at Bespoke Water Systems – allowing you to have clean water at a hardness which works for your espresso. Alternatively, a quick fix while you wait is to find a soft spring/mineral water such as Ashbeck or Waitrose Essentials.

Technique

The key to a quality espresso is mixing taste, texture and aroma – a concentrated shot that can only be achieved by balancing resistance and flow. If using a flat tamper and VST filter baskets, you want the dose and grind to impede the flow enough to create a lush, emulsified texture, but not so much that it makes the shot grainy and too viscous. Even distribution and careful technique allows for a uniform flow through the bed. Experiment with water levels to find a recipe – and strength – that works for you.

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armanibeauty.co.uk

*Eau d'Arômes
Casual Spices*



→ For the first time in 16 years, I have my children living with me. Their mum has upped and left London for the faraway shores of Suffolk, and so my teenage sons have decided to move in with me and my partner as we're located nearer the capital.

It's a little odd having them live with me, rather than just visit. Not only did I have to hand them over a bedroom each and then watch — while trying to hide my horror — as they moved out all the beautiful furniture from Pentreath & Hall and Alfie's Antique Market and replaced it with old metal clothes rails, Ikea bedside tables customised with Supreme stickers and tattered posters of A\$AP Rocky and Basquiat. I've also had to get used to a pervading smell of socks, piles of Rizlas and filters all over the house, and overheated baked beans coagulated on the kitchen hob each morning. Lovely.

I'm also shocked as to how many clothes they have. Of course, everyone says that it's my fault as I work in the fashion industry and will have influenced them. Perhaps. It's certainly true that they're more familiar with the Mr Porter inventory than I am; and when they wake up at the crack of noon they often lie on their beds checking out the What's New tab. But, quite rightly, since they're 27 years younger than I am, their aesthetic is very different. The youngest is a Rick Owens fan and wanders around in jersey drop-crotch shorts, long black T-shirts and strange trainers with giant space-like soles (he buys them all second-hand on eBay), while the oldest is head to toe in Supreme (he queues outside their Soho store from 4am some mornings in order to offload that month's university allowance on a T-shirt that says — oh, how clever! — Supreme on it in bold black type).

But it's the trainers they possess that have really caught my attention; they look after them as if they were tiny, mewling kittens: they are carried carefully after each wear and placed gently back in their original boxes. They spend hours online trawling the globe for Kanye's Adidas Yeezy Boost 350s, furious that I didn't reserve them a pair — customers take priority — when they launched on Mr Porter. (These now fetch around \$1,000 on eBay.) They can talk about trainer lines, limited editions, obscure Japanese labels and global trainer price indexes effortlessly; if only the same attention had been paid to their school work.



THE STYLE COLUMN

Jeremy Langmead

Our man on acting his sons' ages — not their shoe sizes



Pottering around the house is distinctly less relaxing when there are children there. I discussed this conundrum with Tom Ford recently, who has a young son, and who says his favourite item of clothing since becoming a dad is a dressing gown.

"Before I had Jack, I used to be able to walk around the house without any clothes," he told me. "Now that I have Jack and we have a nanny I can't just go down to the refrigerator naked and so I'm turning into Hugh Hefner." Of course, Mr Ford doesn't wear a white towelling dressing gown but a "nice, soft, black cashmere one".

He should wait until Jack reaches the age of mine. Not only do I need to wear a dressing gown in the morning, but I have to be equally careful once I'm dressed as everything sartorial is commented upon. "Nice Flyknits, pops" or, "Not sure about the colour of those Common Projects. What's for dinner?"

The reality is that I'm thrilled they've moved in. It will just take some getting used to: things like sorting through the clean laundry and trying to work out whose underwear is whose; finding garish tins of Gillette Fusion Proglide Hydrating Shave Gel in the bathrooms instead of my elegant Aesop Moroccan Neroli Shaving Serum; spending an hour looking for my Givenchy sweatshirt only to find it in a ball under one of their beds; having them borrow other items of my clothing and looking much better in them than me as they're younger, taller and skinnier (despite the fact they're endlessly devouring my secret stashes of Haribo cola bottles and Pom-Bear crisps), and, worst of all, having to quickly switch off *I Am Cait* whenever they walk into the TV room.

Our housekeeper looks equally surprised by the teenage onslaught; especially when they hand her their T-shirts with very polite, but specific, instructions on how they need to be washed. I think I've created monsters that look and sound all too familiar: mini-mes but taller. Maxi-mes. ■

ARMANI | EAUX POUR HOMME



armanibeauty.co.uk

*Eau de Nuit
Addictive Woody*



Fortify yourself

Wake up and smell the botanicals – rediscover the vermouth at the back of your drinks cabinet

→ Negronis, martinis and Manhattans — these classic cocktails are united by one ingredient: vermouth. You may think of this as something your grandparents drank, but, says Ed Scorthern of vermouth bar Mele e Pere, that's not the case. "Back then you had to be wealthy to drink wine," he says, "and vermouth was the closest to it that wasn't beer or whisky." Vermouth is wine fortified by a spirit that has, in turn, been steeped in botanicals. Varying these flavours and the amounts of sugar added gives you the variations of sweet or dry, white or red, and so on. Here are Ed's five suggestions for reacquainting yourself with vermouth. meleepere.co.uk



3

As a negroni

- 25ml Belsazar red vermouth
- 25ml Bathtub Gin (for the connoisseur, or good old Tanqueray for less adventurous types)
- 25ml Campari

ES: "Gin and vermouth are best mates, mainly because of the juniper and angelica that are common to both."

4

As a spritz

- 25ml Sacred Rosehip Cup
- Regal Rogue Wild Rosé vermouth
- Top up with 50/50 soda water and Prosecco

ES: "The Rosehip Cup is slightly more bitter and a nice replacement for Campari. This is a lighter, softer version of a Negroni (minus the gin). Drink it long, as an Italian seaside aperitif."

1

As a long drink:**Don't be so Cocchi!**

- 35ml Cocchi white vermouth
- 15ml Reposado tequila
- Fresh lime
- Mint
- Elderflower cordial
- Shake together and serve in a highball glass with ice and a dash of lemonade.

ES: "This cocktail is a bit of fun, and more of a mojito drink. It shows vermouth's versatility."

2

With a spirit

- 75ml Antica Formula red vermouth
- 35ml Rebel Yell bourbon

ES: "Rather like a Manhattan, but with the focus much more on the vermouth."

5

On the rocks

- Blackdown Sussex Bianco vermouth
- Twist of lemon or orange

ES: "Served in a good, chunky glass (a whisky one would do), this is a sipper to enjoy over time. Vermouth has real character – it's bitter, sweet, herbal, spicy – so it's nice to reflect on it."

ARMANI | EAUX POUR HOMME



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*Eau pour Homme
Timeless Citrus*





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PRETTYGREEN.COM

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JAPAN TOKYO NAGOYA OSAKA SAPPORO FUKUOKA ODAIBA VENUS FORT KOKURA IZUTSUYA

THE LIST

Nick Grimshaw

The Radio 1 DJ and TV host has designed a new autumn/winter collection for Topman. Here, he reveals love for Patti, pinot and, er, Pig

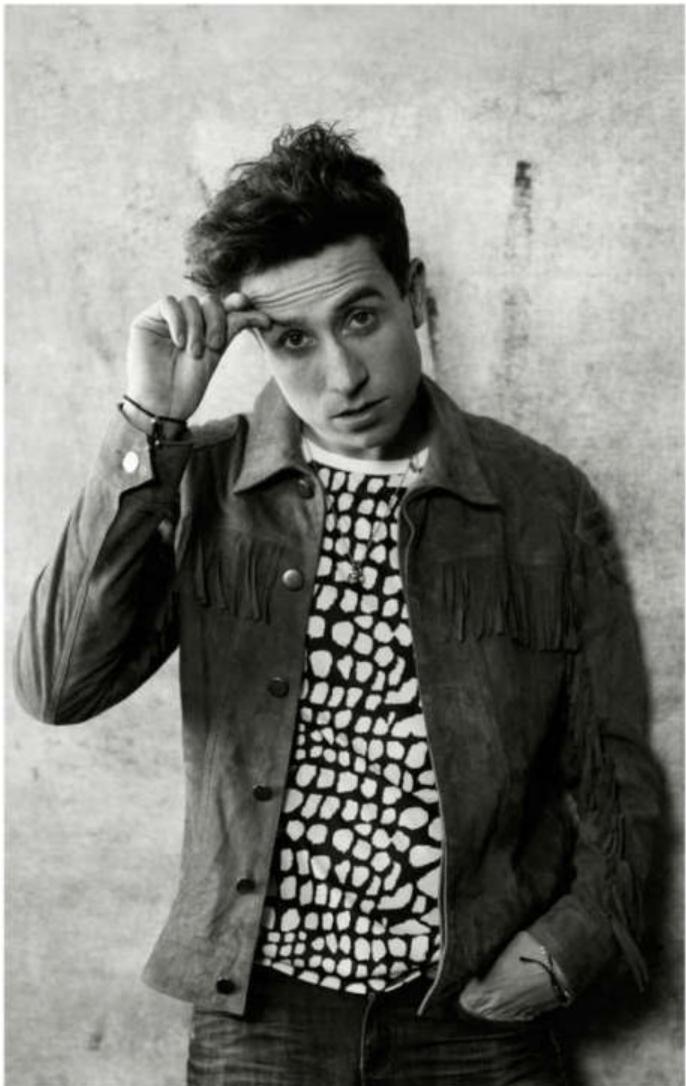
1 / Technology

Phone iPhone 6.
Tablet None, I always lose them.
Laptop Apple MacBook Pro.
Camera Contax T2 35mm compact.
Sound system Sonos.
Car Mercedes-AMG C63.
Bike I don't have one, as they always get nicked.



2 / Style →

Jeans Paige.
Shoes Saint Laurent Paris.
Suit [Topman bespoke](#).
Shirt Lanvin.
Boxer shorts Sunspel.
Socks Ralph Lauren.



3 / Travel ↓

Hometown Manchester.
Destination [Mexico](#).
Hotel La Residencia, Deià, Mallorca, Spain.
Shop Liberty, London.



4 / Grooming →

Cologne Santal 33 by Le Labo.
Toothpaste Colgate.
Moisturiser SPF30 by Kiehl's.
Shower gel Coriander Liquid Body Cleanser by Kiehl's.
Face wash Calendula Deep Cleansing Foaming Face Wash by Kiehl's.
Hair product Silk Groom Serum by Kiehl's.
Barber Kevin Fortune, London.



5 / People

Style icon Keith Richards.
Fictional icon Spider-Man.
Artist Robert Mapplethorpe.
Musician Patti Smith.
Film star Jack Nicholson.

6 / Food and Drink

Wine Pinot noir.
Spirit Tequila.
Beer Corona Extra.
Dish Sushi.
Snack McCoy's Salt & Vinegar Crisps.
Restaurant J Sheekey, Covent Garden, London.
Pub The Lansdowne, Primrose Hill, London.
Club DC10, Ibiza.



7 / Home

Lamp House of Hackney.
Bed linen The White Company.
Work of art Anything by Richard Galloway.
Pet Pig, my English bull terrier.

8 / Tools ↑

Watch [Chanel J12](#).
Pen Pen? So Nineties.
Tool I have no tools.
App Snapchat.
Website Tumblr.
Gadget My iPhone is glued to me.



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Keeping it fresh

Citrusy bergamot is the star of the show in the latest crop of lighter winter scents

→ Some ingredients are safe bets in men's fragrances, such as smoky vetiver or musky oud. One note that's really making an impact right now, though, is bergamot. The Mediterranean citrus fruit, which is sweeter than lemon and sourer than orange, has played a part in some of the industry's biggest hits over the years — Dior's Eau Sauvage, Jean Paul Gaultier's Le Male and Givenchy's Gentleman — but it's normally reserved for more summery scents because of its fresh, zesty nature. However, a string of houses have started to use the note in some of their autumn/winter releases, too. Why is that good news? Because, when you find yourself in the grip of the Great British winter, a quick spritz will transport you (and those within smelling distance) to the balmy climes of the Calabrian coast, which is always to be appreciated.



01

Colonia Club by Acqua di Parma

Created for sportsmen, Colonia Club is bright and punchy but elegant, thanks to the inclusion of geranium, lavender and galbanum.

£81 for 100ml
acquadiparma.com

02

Sauvage by Dior

Featuring double-distilled patchouli, Sichuan pepper, frankincense and bergamot, Sauvage is complex, and Dior's biggest men's release in years, too.

£68 for 100ml
dior.com

03

Allure Homme by Chanel

Not a new creation, but one well worth inclusion. The bergamot note is enhanced by spicy coriander, black pepper and deep cedar.

£65 for 100ml
chanel.com



04

Acqua di Bergamotto by Ermenegildo Zegna

The freshness of the Italian bergamot is softened by neroli, rosemary and Haitian vetiver.

£76 for 100ml
johnlewis.com



04



05

Venetian Bergamot by Tom Ford

A unisex fragrance (bang on-trend right now), it comes from Ford's Private Blend collection. Tonka bean, amber and cashmere accord help to soften the bergamot.

£145 for 50ml
selfridges.com



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Bell & Ross

Optical illusion

Persol's latest folding frames are inspired by the golden age of Italian cinema

→ Persol's heavy-topped Cellor frames were originally manufactured in the Fifties, becoming a favourite of big-thinking ad men, hard-talking lawyers and visionary film directors (Wim Wenders, incidentally, features as the face of the upcoming Persol campaign). For 2015, the nostalgic style — which features a metal base frame and a cellulose top — has been redesigned in a foldable form. Inspired by the Neorealist period of Italian cinema and directors such as Vittorio de Sica (*Bicycle Thieves*), the updated version comes in a range of finishes, from tortoiseshell to black, and is available as opticals and sunglasses. Echoing the flexibility of the iconic 714-folding model before it — immortalised by Steve McQueen — the foldable Cellor Series frames work best on more angular faces, and look the business worn with a sharp-cut suit and an equally razor-edged haircut.

—

From £305, persol.com



Steve McQueen wearing Persols in *The Thomas Crown Affair* (1968)



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NEW COLUMN!

The Macklin Regime

Meet Tom Macklin, Esquire's fitness fanatic and healthy living expert

→ Gyms can be uninspiring. As a busy journalist, I'm always looking for engaging sessions that can fit around my life. Urban boutique gyms are old news in the US, but now they've finally arrived in London. Targeted, high-tech, high-impact classes and pay-as-you-go flexibility let you train without a contract. Stylish interiors, juice bars and nutrition-focused cafes make these a results-driven alternative for busy professionals — like me. Here's my pick of the best.



Best after a big weekend

Core Collective

The premise is simple — four different classes that aim to push every part of the body to the max quickly: Velocity, Resistance, Accelerate (Spin) and Power Yoga. There's also personal training, while

Calisthenics (bodyweight resistant exercises) is launching in October.

Try Velocity

A gruelling 45-min, high-intensity circuit class, where you'll fight your way through burpees, boxing,

chin-ups, tyre squats and crunches. It'll burn fat but also tone muscle.

Location

High Street Kensington. Price £28 per class (discounted bundles available).

Website core-collective.co.uk



Best if you're lacking motivation

1Rebel

A new City gym offering Ride (spin) and Reshape (circuits) classes. Live DJs, bespoke playlists and hi-tech changing rooms give it the edge.

Try Rumble

This boxing-meets-HIIT (high-intensity interval training) concept will launch at the new Broadgate Circle location in October. You'll need strength, speed and willpower.

Location

City, Broadgate Circle. Price £20 per class (£10 first time, discounted bundles available).

Website trebel.co.uk



Best before a night out

Speedflex

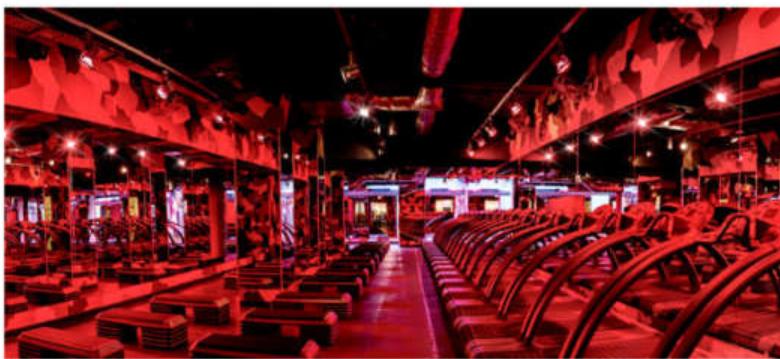
Tech-focused interval training with resistance on machines (above) that adapt to your capability — the harder you push, the greater the resistance. Heart-rate monitors track your performance on screens during the

45-min class to help maximise calorie burn and muscle gain.

Location City of London, Leeds Newcastle, Surrey, Aberdeenshire.

Price £7.50 (off-peak), £10 (peak).

Website speedflex.com



Best for toning up

Barry's Bootcamp

Having gained a cult following in the US since 1998, Barry's Bootcamp arrived here in 2013, with its latest outpost in Shoreditch opening in June. Workouts aim to shock the body to boost cardiovascular function and promote muscle-build. They are split into muscle groups: arms/abs, butt/legs, chest/back/

abs, hardcore abs and full body.

Try Full Body (Fri/Sat/Sun)

Divided between the treadmill (30mins) and free weights (30mins), expect pulsating music, a hardcore instructor and a lot of sweat.

Location

Euston, Shoreditch.

Price £20 a class (discounted bundles available).

Website barrysbootcamp.com

Best for actually improving your health

Heartcore

This new gym chain offers HIIT and TRX (total resistance exercise) workouts plus reformer pilates (performed on a sliding machine).

Try FITRX

This TRX class will display your heart rate and calorie burn on the

wall while you mix HIIT and CrossFit (core strength and conditioning).

Location Kensington, Notting Hill, Hampstead, Chelsea, Fulham, City, Park Lane.

Price £17.50–£27 per class (first free).

Website heartcore.co.uk

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01 Hermès

Masters of the “universe”

/

French luxury super-brand Hermès has just launched its first website dedicated solely to the men’s “universe”. MANifeste looks to sprinkle a little of the maison’s culture into our lives, via the teaching of such necessary skills as sandcastle building and poetry writing. More importantly, perhaps, the site allows you to browse the house’s entire collection of ready-to-wear clothes, accessories and grooming products, and there’s the option to click through to the online store

at any time. “I wanted to create a fully devoted digital platform for the Hermès men’s universe,” says Véronique Nichanian, artistic director of Hermès’ men’s division. “My point has always been to reach out to men with the Hermès spirit and a light-hearted humour. MANifeste is just like any Hermès endeavour — arousing curiosity, stirring up creativity and entertaining.” lemanifestedhermes.com

£6,100, bulgari.com



02 Bulgari All Blacks Octo

Rugby royalty on your wrist

/

Rugby’s World Cup is in full flow with the final set for 31 October at Twickenham. In the meantime, Cup holders New Zealand have been paid timely homage by Bulgari with its Octo All Blacks special edition watch which echoes the team’s strip with monochromatic styling and Maori tattoo-motifed face. A 41mm DLC-treated case, rubber strap and 100m water resistance makes it one rucking tough timepiece. bulgari.com

Bomber jacket, £1,975, by Versace w/ Harrods



04 Turnbull & Asser store

New move for heritage shirtmakers

/

The latest milestone in the rebirth of British shirtmakers Turnbull & Asser is its new flagship store (right), on London’s Davies Street. Offering its excellent ready-to-wear collection and bespoke service, it’s a more modern affair than the Bury Street premises. In the run up to the festive period, it might be worth considering T&A’s limited edition silk jacquard smoking jacket, if you’re so inclined. turnbullandasser.com



Black leather Lauréat derby shoes, £800; silk ties, £126 each; black enamel badges, £183 (large) and £160 (small)

03 Harrods Man

Department store's got men covered

/

All this month, Harrods menswear department rolls out its Cover to Cover campaign, a project of in-store events, personal appearances, window takeovers and something called “retail theatre”. A series of capsule collections from Armani, Burberry, Givenchy and Versace (left) will also go on sale. “We’re excited that Harrods will be celebrating all things menswear with the launch of ‘Harrods Man Cover to Cover’,” says director of menswear, sports and fine watches, Jason Broderick. “From the iconic Brompton Road windows, to brilliant capsule collections designed exclusively for us – not to mention a series of bespoke events – the month-long campaign showcases the very best of our men’s offer in full.” harrods.com



05 Tiger of Sweden

Shirt collaboration

/

Made in partnership with Northern Irish shirting manufacturer Smyth & Gibson, Tiger of Sweden's two new shirt designs combine the craftsmanship of the former with the fashion-forward aesthetic of the latter.

True to Tiger's form, both are cut slim, but where one features a more business-minded cutaway collar, the other is shallower and pointed on a right angle. "We met the Smyth and Gibson team in London to work out the fundamental elements of the collaboration," says Tiger of Sweden designer Ronnie McDonald. "The great thing was that they have the same passion for shirts as we have for tailoring. We have produced two new shirt models this season. Both bodies have the same details, but the fitting is slightly slimmer than the normal Smyth and Gibson fit, to give a more Scandinavian feel."

tigerofsweden.com



White cotton Whaley shirt, £199; blue cotton-poplin Morse shirt, £199

Navy suede Adriatic trainers, £220; maroon leather and felt Gebirgsjäger boots, £365



06 Ludwig Reiter

Rugged Austrian winter footwear

/

Viennese shoemaker Ludwig Reiter's new A/W '15 collection features a series of alpine-inspired pieces, designed to provide comfort and style both on and off the mountain. The zip-fronted, lambskin-lined Apres-Ski boots are a little too delicate for autumn in the city, so we recommend the hefty Gebirgsjäger mountain boots, which will keep your feet in fine fettle 'til spring. The Adriatic two-eyelet trainers in suede are great, too, but only if it's a dry day. ludwig-reiter.com

07 Pepe Jeans

Eco-friendly selvedge denim

/

London's Pepe Jeans, launched in 1973, is releasing 1,973 hand-numbered pairs of its new premium selvedge limited-edition jeans. The shuttle-loom-woven denim process uses up to 33 per cent less water and 50 per cent fewer chemicals than traditional methods. So, while wearing them, you'll feel justifiably smug about how ecology-minded you are. pepejeans.com



Blue Premium Limited Edition Selvedge denim jeans, £105



08 Louis Vuitton Rugby World Cup case

The autumn's glittering prize

/

More Rugby World Cup news: this bespoke Webb Ellis Cup box by Louis Vuitton has been crafted in Asnières by Patrick-Louis Vuitton, the maison's head of special orders. The box and its shimmering contents will be delivered to the winning team after the final. We worry the elegant construction, intricate monogram and exemplary quality of the box might be wasted on a team of match-groggy rugby players, but it's impressive nonetheless. louisvuitton.com



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BOULEVARD RASPAIL

CROCKETTANDJONES.COM

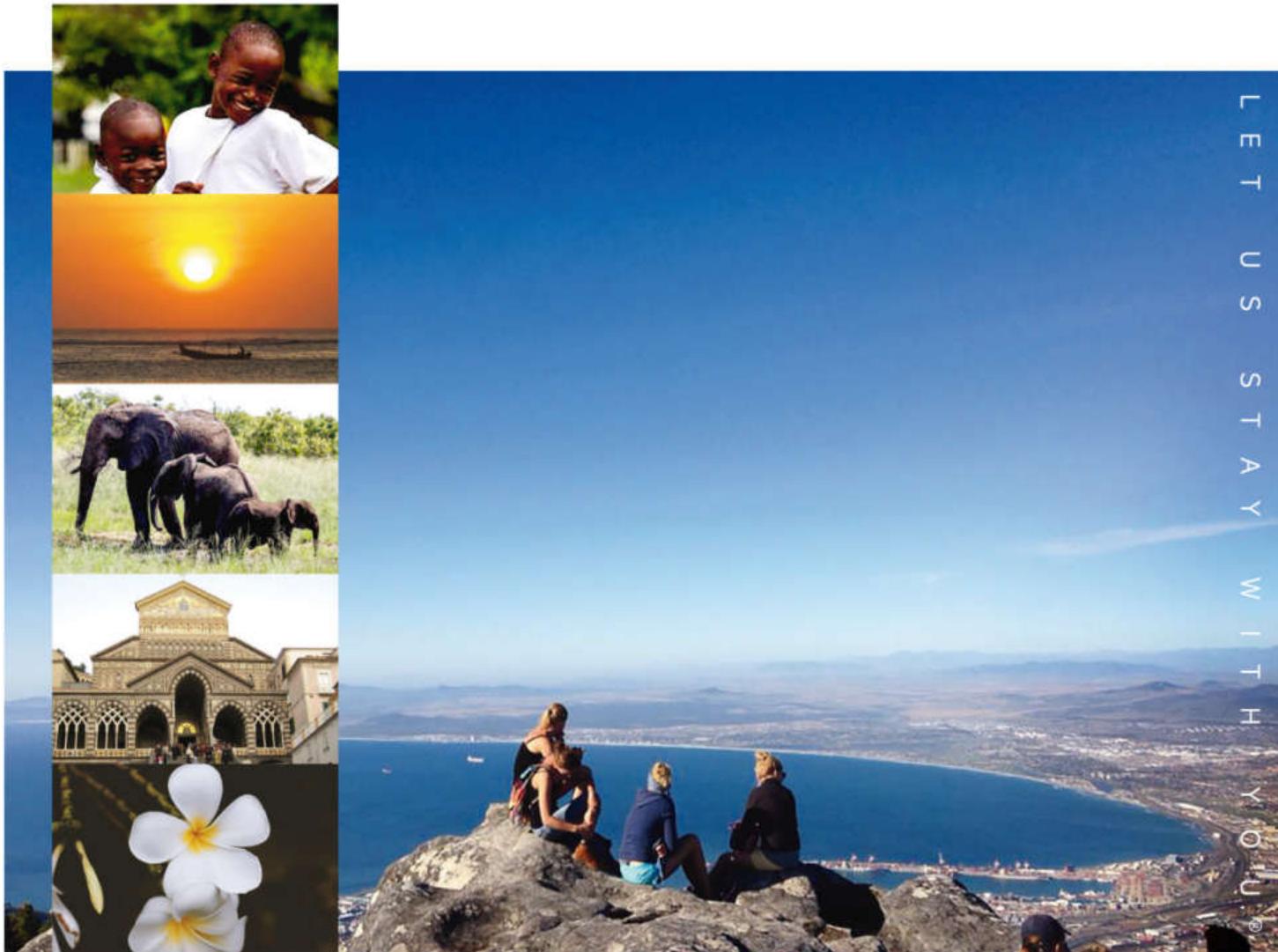


MEMORIES IN SIX, SEIS, ALTI, SECHS, ZES AND 六.

What story will you tell? Every traveler has one. That's why we view every day at The Ritz-Carlton as an opportunity to make a lasting memory—one that stays with you for a lifetime. They say a picture speaks a thousand words, so we created the Memories in Six photo series to do some of the talking for us. On the next few pages, we've invited travel writers and photographers to share their personal stories in the way they know best—through images gathered from every corner of their world.



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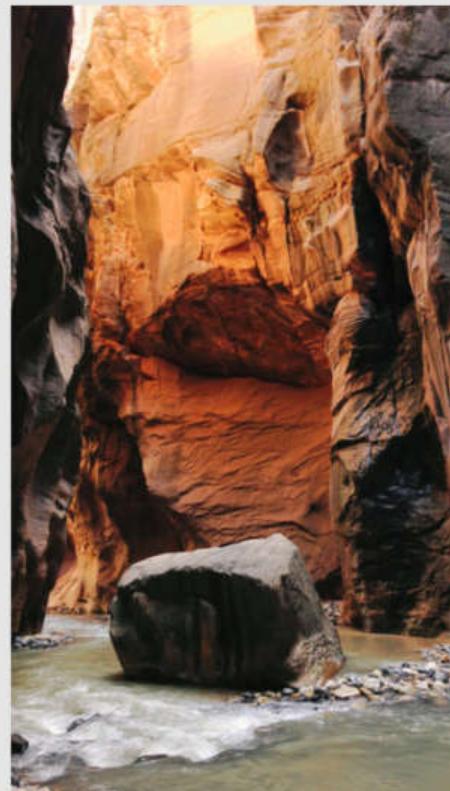


Reach for the sky: the rugged Angel's Landing trail in Zion National Park, Utah, has a peak 5,785ft high

Perfect places

Six inveterate travellers share their memories of the destinations they will never forget





Zion National Park

By [Geoff Dyer](#), writer

Destination details: a 229 sq mile nature reserve in southwest Utah famed for its canyon landscapes and abundant wildlife

Springdale

I'd done a load of road trips around the American West, and they always took the same form: we'd have glorious days and then dismal evenings at dreary motels eating awful food. We were in Utah about 10 years ago and drove into Springdale, a pretty, unspoiled, little town nestled among these sharp jagged mountains. It was like a sanctuary. If you're visiting Zion, you'll inevitably stay in Springdale.

Hiking in the hills

There's only one thing to do in Zion—hike. At peak season, you can't take your car into the park, so buses drop you at any

number of trailheads. And in that nice American way, there are hikes for all levels; some for wheelchair users, some for elderly people, and there are really serious ones where you pack everything you need for three or so nights.

Angel's Landing and The Overlook

The two hikes we do are the two most spectacular, and each can be done in four or five hours. Angel's Landing isn't for those with a fear of heights, because you go along an incredibly narrow ridge. The Overlook is even better; where Angel's Landing delivers in the last 20 per cent, Overlook is amazing all the way.

Where to stay

The Desert Pearl is a great hotel. Years ago, when *Jeff in Venice, Death in Varanasi* had just been published, I was sure it would make the Booker list. When it didn't, we headed straight to the Desert Pearl for me to lick my wounds. The rooms are like tasteful studio apartments — you feel as though you live there — and it offers incredible views of the mountains.

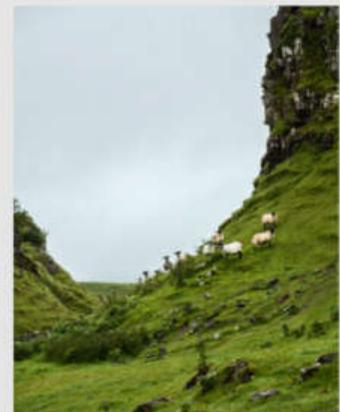
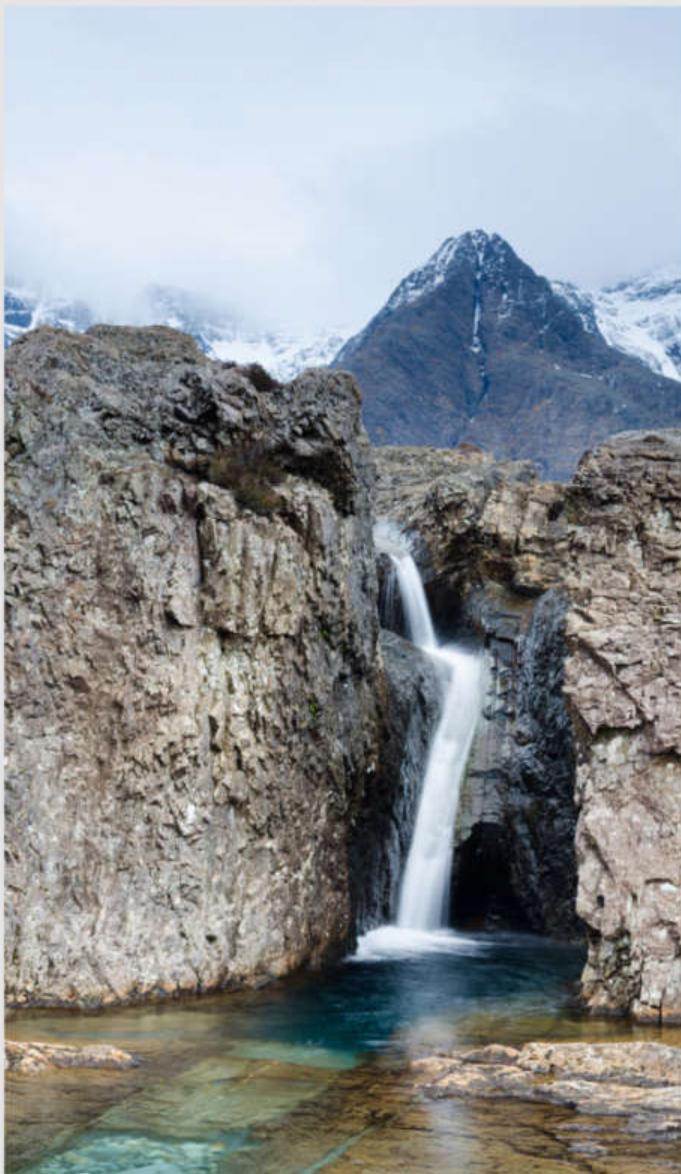
Cool diners and craft beers

The food in Springdale is a lot better than what you normally get in small American towns. Oscar's Café serves brilliant vegetarian burritos, and there's great

coffee at Mean Bean. What's more, the reason for not going to Utah used to be that you could never get a drink, but now, like everywhere in America, the bars are all serving amazing craft beers.

Bryce Canyon, Escalante and Hell's Backbone Grill

Springdale is also a good hub from which to explore southern Utah. Bryce Canyon is great in its own right (it also has wonderful hiking) and it's only a short distance away. Or drive up scenic Byway 12 to Escalante, to experience part of the Grand Staircase National Monument. The drive is the real draw, but you get to visit Hell's Backbone Grill while you're there.



Isle of Skye

By [Patrick Grant](#), owner of *E Tautz and Norton & Sons*
Destination details: the largest, most northerly major island in the Inner Hebrides

Inspired by “A Long Walk on the Isle of Skye”

I first visited Skye with an ex-girlfriend about 18 years ago. There's a book called *A Long Walk on the Isle of Skye* (Peak Pub Co), and our plan was to do the walk, around 75 miles, and camp along the way. The weather was so atrocious that we abandoned it after two days and sought refuge in a B&B. The idea was to take in the entire island, because it's a geographical microcosm of northern Scotland.

The Cuillin Mountains

There's about 10,000 people on Skye, but that number rises in the summer. There

are places where you see lots of tourists, and therefore lots of buses, but if you go outside of the main season, it's empty. Some areas are really sparsely populated, and often you can walk all day and hardly see anyone at all, in areas such as the Cuillin Mountains.

The Quiraing

The Quiraing is unbelievably stunning. It's a series of rocky, spiny pinnacles that run all the way down the Trotternish peninsula, the northernmost part of the island. There's a car park at the top, from where you set off walking, and there's a number of little short walks, such as to the Old Man of Storr, another rock formation.

It's spectacular; if the weather's nice, you could be in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Pie in the Sky

Right at the top of the island is the Single Track Café, an amazing modernist pavilion with grass on the roof and wooden walls, for really great coffee and cakes. The Skye Pie Café does amazing pies, obviously, including vegan and gluten-free options – impressive given it's in one of the most remote spots in the UK.

The right to roam

On Skye you have the right to roam anywhere, as long as you don't interfere

with livestock or make a mess. Take a tent and pitch up on the seashore. You'll see sea otters running past, and dolphins and whales swimming out in the sea.

Escape to The Prison

My favourite spot on Skye is a rock formation known as The Prison. It's in the Quiraing, and if you climb up on a clear day, you can see the mainland over the water, and the mountains up the west coast through Wester Ross; the landscape is otherworldly. But honestly, anywhere up high on the Trotternish peninsula offers an amazing view.



THE RITZ-CARLTON®

Memories in six photographs

Two of Esquire's editorial team share their favourite city tips, because travel should always be about new experiences



Amoeba Music



Dodger Stadium



Wolfgang Puck's restaurant WP24



General Quarters



The Ritz-Carlton, Los Angeles



Chinese Theater

Los Angeles

BY JOHNNY DAVIS

→ Where to stay in Los Angeles is almost as important a question as which restaurant to be seen in and which cocktail bar deserves your custom after hours. Thankfully, we now have a definitive answer in the form of The Ritz-Carlton.

Located a short jaunt away from the Staples Center, the Grammy Museum and a string of entertainment hotspots, the hotel is quickly becoming the star of downtown LA.

Fittingly, the hotel's dynamic glass structure brings a touch of sophisticated modernity to the skyline while offering 123 rooms including 13 suites, 100,000sq ft of meeting space and, quite astonishingly, three ballrooms.

CATCH A MOVIE

The Chinese Theater is hardly off-the-beaten track, but I've got a soft spot for it. If you're looking for something closer to home for the children, Ritz Kids will happily keep them occupied for the evening.

VISIT DODGER STADIUM

You'd be hard pressed to beat Dodger Stadium, located in Downtown Los Angeles, for spectacle. An easy, 11-minute taxi ride from your hotel — because no one walks in LA.

DINE IN STYLE

I head to the Farmers Market for spicy Mexican food whenever I'm in town. If you've still got room after that, WP24 by Wolfgang Puck, located on the 24th floor of The Ritz-Carlton, serves a modern interpretation of traditional Chinese fare.

THE EXCHANGE RATE

General Quarters, on South La Brea Avenue, is my favourite clothing shop for authentic Sixties leather motorcycle jackets. For something extra special, the LA Jewelry District is six blocks away.

GRAB A SLICE

Hollywood Boulevard is the place to go for pizza you'll never forget. Afterwards, make more memories with an expertly concocted drink at The Ritz-Carlton's Mixing Room cocktail lounge.

LOAD UP ON VINYL

Anyone with even a passing interest in rock music will find it hard to leave Amoeba Music on Sunset Boulevard without spending some dollars. For jazz, urban and more rock, head to the famous Conga Room, just a 60-second walk from your hotel.



Hong Kong

BY TEO VAN DEN BROEKE

→ If you've never had the pleasure of staying at the world's highest hotel (located at a breath-catching 490m inside the famous International Commerce Centre), The Ritz-Carlton five-star Kowloon hotel is definitely worth the price of an air ticket to Hong Kong.

What better way to see the skyscraper-studded skyline of one of the world's leading financial centres than enjoying an inventive cocktail and dancing in "Ozone", the highest bar in the world, or dining in one of the hotel's four vibrant restaurants?

Situated among the island's bustling harbours, The Ritz-Carlton Hong Kong is designed to make you feel instantly at home — no matter how foreign the city outside.

SHOPPING IN ADMIRALTY

After a dip in the hotel's 118th floor swimming pool, complete with ceiling mounted LED screen, head out to the flagship designer temples on Queen's Road Central — a glittering paean to commercialism.

THE PEAK

One of the best ways to see the city is to take the Peak Tram up 1,300ft to the summit of the island. Follow it with a lava shell body treatment at The Ritz-Carlton Spa by ESPA for a day you'd be hard pressed to better.

STAR FERRY

Connecting mainland Kowloon with Hong Kong Island, the famous Star Ferry boats have been shuttling across the Victoria Harbour for the past century-and-a-half; the departure wharf is an easy half-hour stroll from your hotel.

EAT ASIAN

The Japanese fusion cuisine in Sheung Wan is second to none. But, for a taste of authentic Cantonese food, Tin Lung Heen on level 102 of the hotel is the place to go, while The Ritz-Carlton's made-to-order mooncakes are dangerously moreish.

THE TEMPLE STREET NIGHT MARKET

The Temple Street Night Market is fun, intense and very Chinese, making it the perfect place to soak up a little local culture and stock up on souvenirs.

UNWIND WITH A DRINK

Hollywood Road is home to cocktail bars a million miles away from the garish lights of Lan Kwai Fong. For something different, The Ritz-Carlton's signature afternoon tea accompanied by live jazz performances in The Lounge and Bar is essential.



New York City

By Sarah Ann Macklin, *model and nutritionist*

Destination details: the Big Apple; the city that never sleeps; so good they named it twice... you know the score

The skyline

I first went to New York when I was 21, for a holiday rather than work. I remember the cab in from JFK, going over the Brooklyn Bridge and seeing the skyline. There was a wave of amazing, infectious energy, and I thought straight away, "I could live here."

Juice

If I arrive during the day I'll head straight for a juice. It seems there's an amazing juice bar – such as Juice Press or Organic Avenue – on every corner. It's just what you need after a long flight. Then, I'll go to Chelsea Market for sushi, before meeting friends on the High Line above.

Eating like a native New Yorker

Blue Ribbon is amazing for food, but you can't book so you always wait at least an hour. Butcher's Daughter is great for really fresh, healthy food, and the wine is incredible. The best lobster is at Lobster Place in Chelsea Market, it's like \$20. You can pick which one you want, and then have pretty much anything with it.

Bar-hopping in The Bowery

I love the Bowery Hotel, it's just so cool and really central, and everyone goes

there for drinks. I've never walked in there without seeing someone I know, which is such a nice feeling. The Wythe Hotel has an amazing rooftop bar, and it's the first place I ever had a cocktail in the city. And for some reason, I always end up at Paul's Baby Grand – the cocktail lounge in the Tribeca Grand Hotel – which stays open till about 5am.

Village people

I find it hard to pick a favourite area. The West Village has my heart because it's where I stayed when I first visited, and I fell in love with places like Café Cluny. But I've lived in the East Village, which is much grittier and cooler, and then

I moved to Williamsburg, which is a whole different kettle of fish. The best thing, though, is that they're all about 10 minutes' walk from each other.

Take to the water

You can go kayaking on the Hudson River, or you can get the ferry all the way from Uptown to Brooklyn. As you move along the river, the city changes and you see the skyline from completely new perspectives. At night, when it's all lit up, it's just amazing, my favourite view. Oh, and be sure to bring your training kit as there are so many insane exercise classes to join, like Barry's Bootcamp or Soul Cycle.



Democratic Republic of the Congo

By [Joe Wright](#), film director and producer

Destination details: the central African nation makes a fascinating and challenging alternative destination

Kinshasa

I was there in 2013 with Chiwetel Ejiofor as research for *A Season in the Congo*, at the Young Vic theatre. First, we were in refugee camps in Goma in the east, where thousands of dispossessed people live, which was harrowing. Then we flew to Kinshasa, and although it's extremely dangerous – most of all for the residents – it's one of the most extraordinary places I've ever been to.

Artists and poets

Everyone is a musician or a dancer, a painter or a poet. The city has cultural hubs, where you can find sculptors and

artists, working in their yards. I don't think there's much of a market for their work, so I didn't feel there was much financial gain to be had for them, but there is a sense of pride and importance in what they create.

Nightlife

Kinshasa is a place of extraordinarily rich cultural life. My favourite memory of the place is a nightclub, which was nothing more than a group of tin-roofed shacks around a courtyard. There I heard some of the most extraordinary music I've ever encountered. There was a group of about 16 musicians who played for eight or nine hours, into the dawn, and they didn't stop once; they just rolled from tune to tune.

Local theatre

There are other clubs around the capital that play a more regular kind of African "highlife" music, and there are artist co-operatives, theatre and dance groups. The theatre we saw was in a rough and rudimentary style, often satirical of the government and bureaucracy; I think a lot of it is hidden from sight, under the radar.

Inspiration

We came back to London from that trip with some Congolese musicians, who performed in the Young Vic show, and I decided to set the play in contemporary Kinshasa. I guess I was just looking for

ideas. Rather than specifically looking for this or that, I wanted to feel enthused by the place, the colours, images, tones and the people, and just to educate myself as much as possible.

When you visit

There's a good Lebanese restaurant in the centre of the city. We also went to the stadium where Ali fought Foreman in the "Rumble in the Jungle" in 1974, and visited independence leader Patrice Lumumba's house and met his widow. I wouldn't say the Congo is a tourist destination... but, with the right guides and contacts, it's certainly one of the most fascinating and exciting places you'll ever go.



Barcelona

By **Oliver Cheshire**, model

Destination details: the capital of Catalonia is a cornucopia of cosmopolitan cultural delights

The beach

I'm a city boy at heart, but I love the beach too, so that's why I love Barcelona. It's one of very few places where you can be in a city and yet 10 minutes away from a beach. I like to run along it in the morning. People in Barcelona seem to look after themselves, because there are always lots of people doing the same thing.

Where to stay

I always stay in a beachfront hotel. I like it there mainly for the views, but there are also some amazing restaurants along the promenade. There's always a lot of very cool people hanging out around there.

Chic shopping

Spain has a great fashion industry, and I love shopping in Barcelona, so as soon as I arrive I'll pretty much head straight to places like El Corte Inglés – it's an amazing department store. If I don't have time, I'll be straight into meetings or onto a shoot, but I always make sure I get a few hours on the beach.

Architectural vibe

I love the architecture – everyone has to go to La Sagrada Família at least once in their lifetime – and I adore the general vibe of the city. It's just really laid-back compared to most of the cities I work in.

Spit-roasted lamb

I always go to a restaurant called "House of Lamb" (I think that's what it's called). It's up in the hills above the city, a really old-school place, and it does the best lamb – unsurprisingly! It's always heaving in there, so you have to book.

Visitor's tips

Take your phone for the Instagram snaps, and keep an eye on your belongings – there are loads of pickpockets.

Special sandwiches

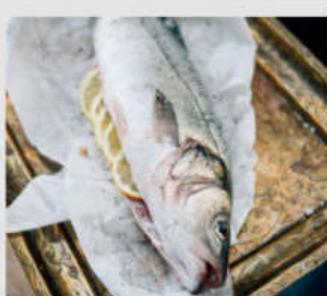
The city has some of the best sandwiches, with all those amazing meats and cheeses. And they have this delicious bread that's been rubbed with tomato.



Assos

By **Russell Norman**, restaurateur and *Esquire's Reluctant Cook*

Destination details: a picturesque and secluded slice of paradise on the Greek island of Kefalonia



On the island

In the south of Kefalonia, there are buckets and spades, pedalos and fish and chips, but in the north you find pretty fishing villages, like Assos. There are a couple of hundred people here in the summer, but only about 20 in winter. It has three or four restaurants, a convenience store and that's it.

The Venetians were here

The islands were part of the Venetian empire for a couple of centuries, and that is reflected in the island's architecture. But a lot of it was destroyed in an earthquake in 1953. The only area that wasn't completely levelled was Fiscardo in the northeast.

Wonderful dining

Families descend from the mountains to eat at Platano. The mother of the guy who runs it is in the kitchen. She makes this beautiful, oily pitta, and it comes with souvlaki. They make taramasalata, and tzatziki with so much garlic it rips off the roof of your mouth.

Fresh local produce

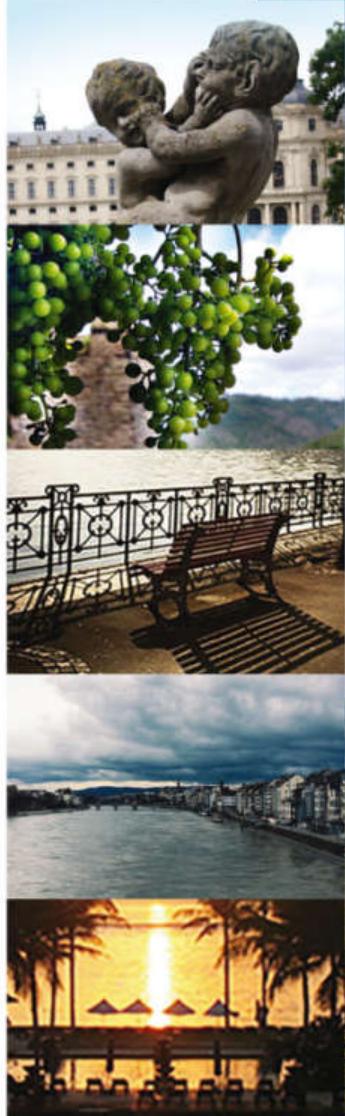
The convenience store doesn't sell anything fresh, but there are various vans that come with fresh goods. There's a fruit-and-veg man, who, once a day, honks all the way into town to drum up a crowd. There's a daily bread van, too, but it's not great bread.

Where to stay

The most luxurious accommodation you'll find is somewhere with its own loo. There's a lovely little house that backs onto the beach, owned by a local woman who runs a gift shop. We've stayed there a few times.

My perfect moment

In terms of food, I have a lovely memory. My then girlfriend (now wife) and I were sitting at one of the restaurants. The sun was setting over the fortress on the hill, and the bay was calm. We had barbecued sea bass on the bone with half a lemon and a carafe of local wine. It was very simple, but it sticks in my memory.



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Overhaul your body

Make all the parts that matter, much better: Harry Jameson shows you how

→ Bingo wings, chicken legs, love handles... we all have bits of our body we wish we could firm up, shrink or eliminate. But unless you target these areas, you're not going to make any real difference. *Esquire's* personal trainer Harry Jameson reveals tricks to improve five key areas. Nail these and you can kiss your wobbly bits goodbye.

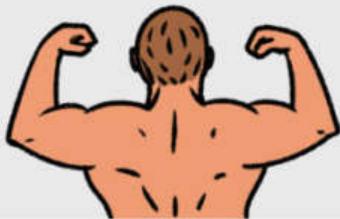


Shoulders

Upper-body strength is important for competitive sport, and can also help a man to fill his clothes. The shoulders are particularly susceptible to injury, especially the rotator cuff muscles, so warm up well before working out.

Arnold press

Named after Mr Schwarzenegger himself. Take a dumbbell in each hand and hold it against your chest, palms facing inward. Lift them above your head, twisting your arms as you go, so that at the top of the lift your palms are facing forward. Hold, then return to the starting position. 8–12 reps; 3–5 sets.



Glutes

My female clients often want help here – those with a big bottom want it smaller; those with a small one want it bigger. Men just want strength, shape and tone, and good glutes are necessary for almost all sports.

Single leg dead lift

Take a bar or pair of dumbbells in your hands and stand on one leg. Hinge at the waist, with a slight bend in the standing leg and lean forward, keeping the spinal position neutral. Return to start position and drive the hips forward, contracting the glutes as you go. 8–12 reps, then change sides; 3–5 sets.

Biceps

Lots of guys spend too much time doing bicep curls incorrectly in an attempt to get big guns. Simply swinging weights around is misleading, because the movement comes from momentum rather than muscle power, and it won't help muscles grow. An underhand chin-up, on the other hand, will help to build bicep strength and size. Buy a pull-up bar and fix it to any door in your house.

Underhand chin-up

Beginners should use the assisted pull-up machine at the gym; those with experience and looking to push things further could wear a weights vest or grip a dumbbell between the knees. After that it's very simple: take an underhand grip on the bar and pull yourself up until the bar is level with your chin. 8–12 reps (or 3–4 sets of 3 reps for beginners).



For more training tips, find Harry on Instagram, @harryjamesonPT

Abs

You can train abs all you like, but if there's a layer of fat on top of them, you'll never see that six-pack. Therefore, when they say that your abs are made in the kitchen, they're right. Diet is key – avoid complex carbohydrates and alcohol, and focus on filling up on proteins and vegetables. Core conditioning should be a key component of any training regime, however, and this exercise is a great way to strengthen your core muscles.

Alternate plank press-up

This is a fairly advanced exercise but it's very effective. Perform a normal bodyweight press-up but at the top of the movement extend one arm out in front of you, and lift the opposite leg so it's about a foot off the floor. Hold it for three seconds before returning to the starting position and performing another press-up. At the top of the next, lift the opposite arm and leg. 6 reps on each side; 3–5 sets.

Pecs

Probably the body part men like training the most – everyone loves chest day. Rather than suggesting one specific exercise, I recommend you attack the chest from all angles, making it fuller and stronger overall.

Incline press

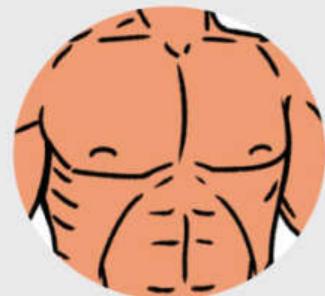
Set an exercise bench to an upright 45-degree angle – the incline is important for building your chest. To increase size, aim for 8–12 reps of high weight – around 20kg on each side (give or take a few kilos) is probably a good place to start.

Flat press

Lower the bench so it's flat and perform more sets and reps of the same weights. This helps to build the muscle between the pectorals which is an essential for any chest routine.

Decline press

Often missed out but vital for building the lower part of the pectoral muscle, you must decline the bench so your hips are higher than your chest. Try adding decline flyes, using either a cable or dumbbells.



Esquire Mavericks

Powered by BMW i

Become electric

The BMW i3 is surely the most versatile, easy-to-use and well-equipped electric car yet

→ As the energy-conscious driver knows, many traditional cars are rapidly becoming as outdated as the fossils they run on. These days, the auto-loving maverick has an eye on the future, and his feet on the pedals of something a little more in line with the idea that eco-friendly cars can provide equally as much style and pace as their predecessors.

Take the BMW i3 Range Extender: with a total range of up to 186 miles, not only is it comfortably the leader in the premium electric car market, it also hits 30mph in fewer seconds than some sports cars. And, like most mavericks, the BMW i3 can't be confined. It has the capability to recharge at any household socket (including an option for faster charging at home with the BMW i Wallbox), meaning you'll never have to rein in your wanderlust again.

The biggest game-changer of all? In addition to being a surprisingly engaging drive, the BMW i3 ditches the "science experiment" aesthetics of other eco-friendly vehicles in favour of the high-end features you've come to expect from the German manufacturer, including exposed carbon-fibre and sustainably sourced eucalyptus-wood dashboard and an energy saving, lightweight new-world design.

In fact, if you're feeling really rebellious, you should view the i3 as a solid, beautifully-designed and versatile vehicle that just happens to be great for the environment. A vehicle that just happens to be the future.



Other leading eco mavericks



ERIC GILER

Another eco-friendly maverick is Eric Giler, a board member of WITricity. This is a company pushing its own envelope with an idea for "wireless electricity", a game-changing emerging technology that could mean never having to plug in your phone or laptop for a recharge ever again. WITricity's clever science is based on wireless energy transfer using oscillating magnetic fields; but all you really need to know is that Giler hopes the technology could be used to cut down the 40bn batteries we dispose of each year, revolutionising the way we consume energy for the better, and for good.



SIR DAVID KING

The UK's former head scientist and now special envoy for climate change has described 2015 as "a seminal year" for progress within the field. Currently shaking things up with the Global Apollo Programme, King and its supporters are calling for £15bn-a-year research and development spending on clean energy, with a view to making eco-friendly alternatives cheaper than coal. It's long been known that green energy helps to cut carbon emissions and air pollution; now the real challenge facing energy pioneers is to make it cheaper to consumers. "Once we get to that point, we are winning all the battles," King says.

↓ Charging technology

All BMW i3 models are capable of being plugged into the thousands of the Type-2 AC public charge points in the UK. For those in a hurry, the BMW i3 can also be specified with the ability to charge at the growing number of DC rapid charge points, which provide a recharge in under half an hour.



Above: considered aerodynamics on the i3 – such as the fully enclosed, wind turbulence-resistant underbody – are key to efficient electromobility

Right: the BMW i Wallbox is designed to offer faster battery recharging at home

BMW i Wallbox will charge the i3 in less than three hours

BMW i3

Engine: electric motor | Power: 168bhp

Top speed: 93mph | 0-62mph: 7.2 secs

Range: up to 100 miles on pure electric

Emissions: 0g/m CO₂ | Price: from £30,980

Government plug-in car grant: £5,000

towards the price



YB64 CWW

Find out more at
becomelectric.co.uk,
or book a test drive
at your local
BMW i agent

Track or treat

Ford's new GT has one eye on its Le Mans-winning past, the other on a high-tech future



→ It's not every day you come across a Ford that costs a quarter of a million quid. But when you see this all new GT in the metal, it's quite tempting to sign over any assets you own to get your hands on one.

A close relative of the legendary Ford GT40, which dominated Le Mans in the late Sixties, it's been developed by Ford's performance arm — handily named Ford Performance — and production starts next year to coincide with 50 years since the original car.

bagged a sensational first, second and third in the 1966 race.

No surprise then that this rear-wheeled, mid-engined V6 is a racer at heart. Lightweight, stripped out and with more carbon-fibre than a boat show, it will mingle with the Ferrari 488, Lamborghini Aventador and McLaren 650S in the supercar stable.

It will also act as a kind of four-wheeled mobile showroom for lots of cutting-edge tech that may one day filter down to the rest of Ford's

less expensive models. More than anything, this is a car that makes you smile. From the zoin, multi-spoke alloys and upward-opening doors, to the F1-inspired stalkless steering column.

There won't be many that get their hands on a set of keys, though. With only 1,000 or so due to be made and just a fraction of them heading to the UK, the GT will be a rare sight. But a very welcome one.
ford.co.uk



Ford GT

Engine: 3.5-litre
EcoBoost V6
Power: 600+bhp
Transmission: seven-speed dual clutch
Price: £250k (est)
Due: Late 2016



Dr Mark Spencer

One of Britain's leading botanists talks about the latest scent range from Molton Brown

→ There was a time when discovery began on the horizon and stretched on indefinitely. A time when explorers like British botanist William Houstoun travelled the Earth in search of exciting new plant species.

Why was this important?

MS: "These people were exploring parts of the world we've never experienced. We didn't understand

the people, the culture or the plants."

Was there risk involved?

MS: "Botanists face immense danger. A lot of them didn't come back, but those that did helped transform our society."

What was the lasting impact?

MS: "The introduction of tobacco – a revolution Houstoun had a hand in after discovering a new strain of the plant in San Pedro, Argentina, where Molton Brown source their tobacco today."

How is this being used now?

MS: "It's a discovery that directly influenced London fragrance experts

Molton Brown's new Tobacco Absolute Collection. A masculine fragrance with seasoned depth, Tobacco Absolute is designed to fuel your lust for exploration.

Meet the maker

Esquire and Molton Brown invite readers to learn more about the fragrance at an exclusive evening with Dr Mark Spencer. Visit the Molton Brown store on Regent Street on 15 October from 6–8pm. Call +44 20 7493 7319 to reserve your place.

The image shows three Molton Brown Tobacco Absolute products: a large brown bottle of Bath & Shower Gel (01), a smaller clear bottle of Eau de Toilette (02), and a dark brown bottle of Deodorant (03). They are arranged on a desk next to a stack of old books, an orange, and some dried leaves.

A profound discovery

Molton Brown celebrates exploration with new fragrance Tobacco Absolute

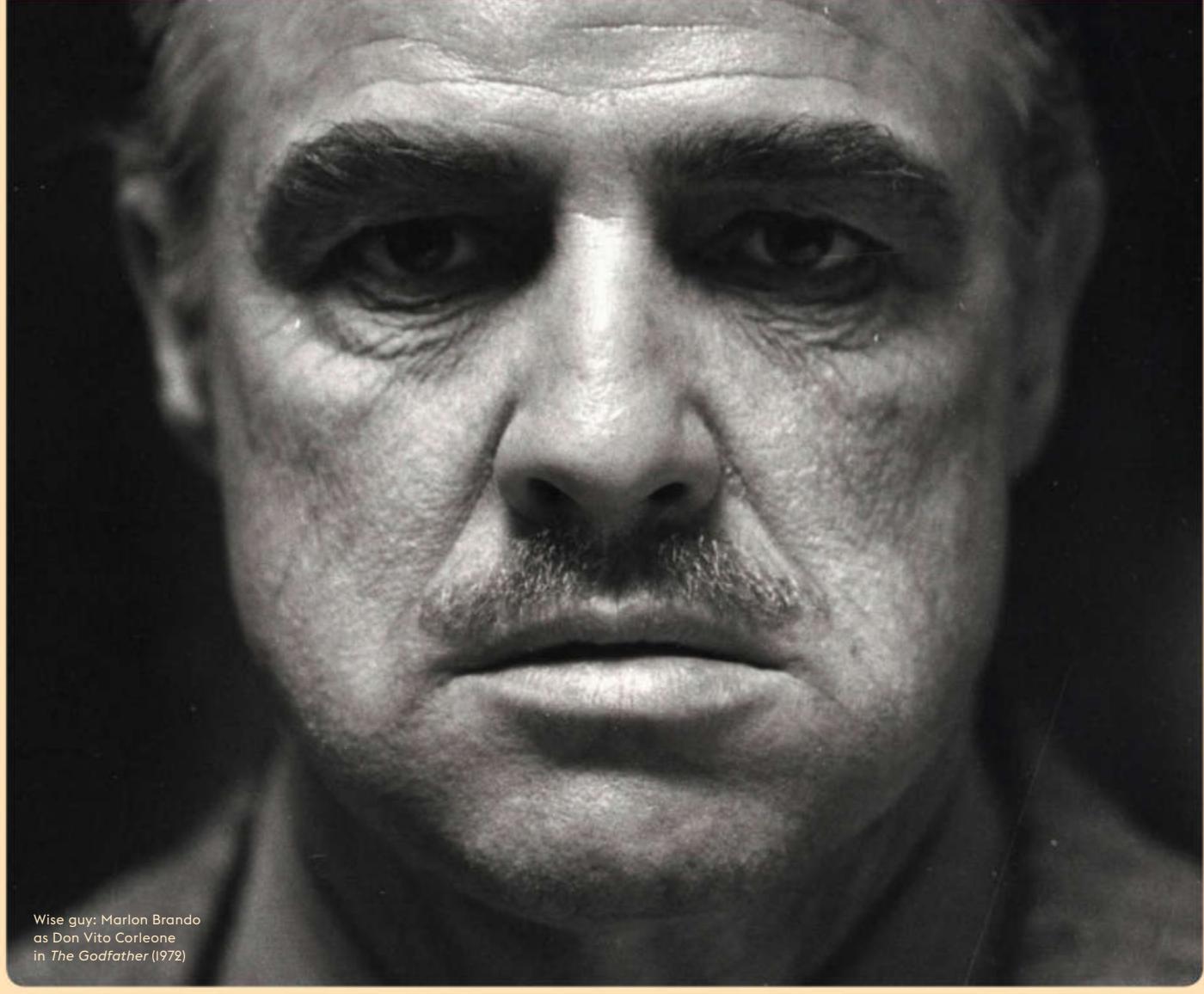
	01	02	03
Tobacco Absolute Bath & Shower Gel	Tobacco Absolute Eau de Toilette	Tobacco Absolute Deodorant	
A blend of Tobacco Absolute with elemi and cedarwood designed to stimulate your senses. -	A warm mahogany fragrance with hints of cured tobacco leaves, nutmeg and Peruvian balsam. -	A profound, earthy scent for long-lasting freshness with hints of bergamot and grapefruit over the tobacco base. -	
£18/300ml	£39/50ml	£20/150ml	

Culture

FILM / MUSIC / BOOKS / TELEVISION / ART

Sum of his parts

A NEW MARLON BRANDO DOC SHOWS WE'VE UNDERESTIMATED THE MAN



Wise guy: Marlon Brando
as Don Vito Corleone
in *The Godfather* (1972)



Method in his madness:
the unseen side of
Brando is revealed in
Listen To Me Marlon

Below left: Brando with
Martin Luther King Jr,
in 1968. Bottom: with
Egyptian actress Rakia
Ibrahim, in the Fifties

When you think of Marlon Brando, what do you imagine? A brooding hunk in a wife-beater with a furrowed brow? A greying patriarch with gobstoppers in his cheeks? A sweaty, chiaroscuro baldie with jowls as heavy as his breathing? Certainly, Brando is an actor who, more than most, has been frozen in our minds in a series of caricatured poses that belie the depth of his abilities.

But, strangely, as a new documentary reveals, we do him a disservice if we limit him to just his acting career. *Listen to Me Marlon*, from British director Stevan Riley, succeeds in showing us the humanity of Brando, and just what a careful, self-aware and observant thinker he was. Of course, he could also be a braggart and a narcissist (hey, you don't go into showbiz for no reason), but it's a rare glimpse into the

psyche of a man so easily dismissed as a cardboard "legend".

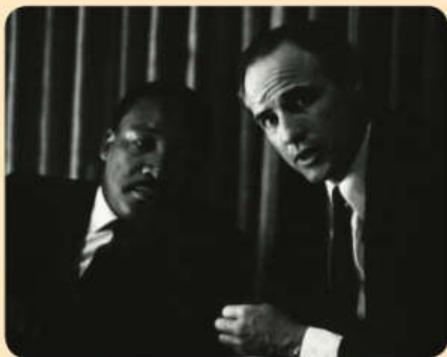
Riley's task is made considerably easier by the fact that Brando narrates his own biography, thanks to the recent unearthing of several hundred hours of voice recordings, which he made, as he puts it, to create "a highly personalised documentary on the life activities of myself". (It makes the home videos used in Asif Kapadia's recent Amy Winehouse documentary, *Amy*, seem like something found on YouTube.)

Thus we get to hear the actor's own reflections — partly spoken by a creepy, spidery CGI talking head that Brando willingly got measured up for in the Eighties — on the parts that made his name, from Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951) to Don Vito Corleone in *The Godfather* (1972) and Colonel Kurtz in *Apocalypse Now* (1979); and on the parts that didn't, such as in *A Countess from Hong Kong* (1967).

But more interestingly still, we get new personal insight into Brando's own difficult childhood, his compulsive womanising, and the psychological scars that in turn were inflicted on his own children, two of whom had tragic lives and early deaths. His social activism also, so easily dismissed as actor hot air, becomes a sympathetic search for legitimacy, purpose and meaning in an industry that so often wallows in its own vacuity.

For those of us who've admired Brando's work, his talent or just his eyebrows, *Listen to Me Marlon* is not the documentary any of us was expecting. Instead, it turns out to be an exceptional piece of film-making, which explores not only what it means to be an icon, but what it means to be alive.

—
Listen to Me Marlon is out in cinemas on 23 October, as a digital download on 9 November and on DVD on 30 November



We get a new personal insight into Brando's own difficult childhood and his compulsive womanising



Out of this world: Kate Mara plays astronaut Beth Johanssen in sci-fi thriller *The Martian*

Storm rider

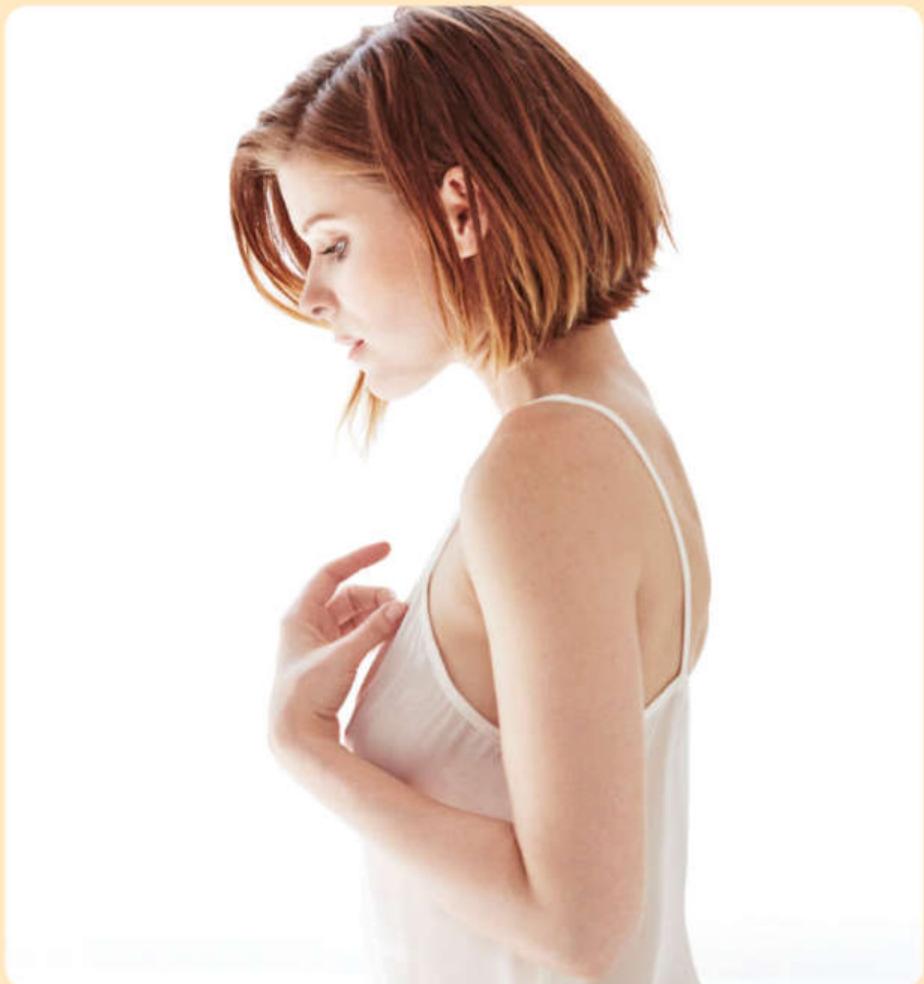
SCREW YOU, BOX OFFICE!
ACTRESS KATE MARA IS STILL FANTASTIC TO US

So what that *Fantastic Four* was a commercial turkey? It wasn't the stars' fault, even if a spiky write-up of an encounter with Miles "Mister Fantastic" Teller in US *Esquire* might have suggested differently. Or, at least it wasn't Kate Mara's fault, given that the 32-year-old New York actress brings pixie charisma to every role she plays, from Sue Storm in *Fantastic Four* to astronaut Beth Johanssen in *The Martian*, which will be orbiting cinemas right about... now.

But you'll already know that if you've seen *Brokeback Mountain* or *24*, or if you're a *House of Cards* fan, in which Mara played feisty news reporter Zoe Barnes who went toe-to-toe (and occasionally cheek-to-cheek) with Kevin Spacey's Frank Underwood.

What you might not know, however, is that she's NFL royalty — her great-grandfather on her dad's side founded the New York Giants in 1925, while her mother's great-grandpops set up the Pittsburgh Steelers; or that she's the older sister of actress Rooney Mara; or that their surname is pronounced "meh-ruh", not "mah-ruh" (though it depends on which sister you ask). Or that we were going to headline this piece "Storm in a D-Cup", until it was pointed out that she's not actually wearing a brassiere. Tough break.

—
The *Martian* is out now



Latest drugs craze

MEXICAN CARTELS ARE AN UNLIKELY CULTURAL TREND, AS DENIS VILLENEUVE'S NEW MOVIE CONFIRMS



Given that we've already had Netflix's *Pablo Escobar* drama *Narcos* and Matthew Heineman's documentary *Cartel Land*, it's been a busy year for insights into the Mexican drug trade. Adding to that list is *Sicario*, a crime thriller directed by Denis Villeneuve.

Emily Blunt plays an FBI agent, who is recruited to an elite taskforce — led by a wise-cracking agent (Josh Brolin) and an enigmatic "consultant" (Benicio del Toro) —

to track down one of Mexico's biggest drug lords. While the plot is nothing to base a criminology thesis on, Villeneuve does a great job of transferring the tense, brooding tone of his earlier work (notably 2013's brilliantly bonkers *Enemy*) to a much grander scale.

If you haven't had your fill of narco fun for this year, *Sicario* comes recommended.

—
Sicario is out on 9 October

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Rocks off: Jesse Hughes (below, left) and Josh Homme (below, right) of Eagles of Death Metal

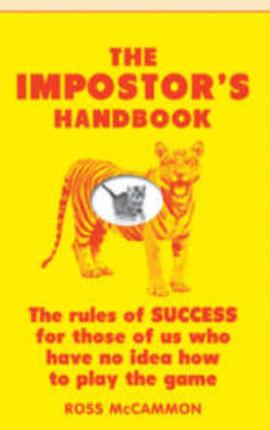
Dirty birds

REASONS TO BUY THE NEW EAGLES OF DEATH METAL ALBUM — BESIDES THE COVER

Maybe it's to do with the relative strength of the tunes versus the jokes, but it's strange how some bands get labelled as credible musical acts who dabble in humour (Weezer, The Offspring), while others get pegged as comedy musical acts with surprisingly decent songs (Tenacious D, The Lonely Island). Achieving equal recognition for both is a tricky balance that few bands can maintain (The Darkness did it briefly, before fizzling out in a heap of soiled Spandex).

Eagles of Death Metal, the rock duo led by Jesse Hughes and Queens of the Stone Age's Josh Homme, make a pretty good stab at both. They've got silly nicknames — "Boots Electric" and "Baby Duck" respectively — and silly artwork for their new album, *Zipper Down*, that manages to be both ironic and titillating (see above). It's got songs that sound like T-Rex channelling Chas & Dave ("Got the Power"), and others that throb with genuine menace ("Oh Girl"). They've even done a very decent rock cover of Duran Duran's "Save a Prayer", for Chrissakes. It's a fine line, but who better than EODM to swagger on down it?

—
Zipper Down by Eagles of Death Metal is out on 2 October (T-Boy/Universal Music)



How to get a job at Esquire

A SMART NEW BOOK REVEALS ALL OUR SECRETS (IT'S HARDER THAN YOU'D THINK, HONEST)

Job interviews. Networking. Delivering the perfect pitch... Some people find it all so easy, don't they?

Not according to Ross McCammon, whose new "self-help book for people who don't like self-help books" is based on the heartening premise that successful people are all just winging it, and you can too.

In 2005, McCammon was a journalist working for an obscure

in-flight magazine in Texas when he was headhunted by US *Esquire*, and thrown headfirst into a new job in New York. Now one of the title's senior editors, he began as an outsider constantly afraid of being "found out".

Drawing on his own fist-chewing early social and professional faux pas, McCammon delivers simple, practical advice on getting ahead in your professional life, from giving

speeches and dressing properly to navigating social media without shooting yourself in the foot.

All useful stuff, helped along by McCammon's witty, conspiratorial tone. Read it, go forth and fake it. Just please don't come after our jobs.

—
The Impostor's Handbook is out on 1 October (Elliot & Thompson)

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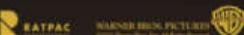
entourage

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Final countdown:
Peep Show hopes
to go out on a high

"I like to think we've created hours and hours of suffering"

AS PEEP SHOW PREPARES FOR ITS NINTH AND FINAL SEASON, CO-CREATOR SAM BAIN EXPLAINS HOW TO WRITE A HIT SITCOM — AND WHEN TO STOP

IF IT WORKS, GO WITH IT

We never expected *Peep Show* to run this long. Initially, we were just grateful to get a series at all, and then the second series was a big deal because it meant we hadn't screwed it up. It's quite hard to create a good sitcom, so there's no sense stopping it unless there's a good reason. Shows like *Fawlty Towers*, *The Office*, *Spaced* — I guess they finished [after two seasons] because they didn't want things to drop off, and that's obviously a fear. But that fear has driven us to keep the quality up — we were conscious of not dwindling into eventual cancellation.

PUT YOUR CHARACTERS THROUGH HELL

The sitcom writing cliché of chasing your characters up a tree and throwing rocks at them is definitely true — if they're happy then it isn't funny. Suffering is funny. When you write something like "Mark jumps into an icy lake", though, you forget that David Mitchell actually has to do it. Last series, Jeremy slept in a bin bag on someone's floor, but we're trying to degrade him further.

DON'T HOLD BACK

We owe a debt of thanks to Channel 4, because at no point have we felt censored. In fact, we've been encouraged to push things further. When you're writing a show where the main gimmick is thoughts, if you censor yourself, you might as well forget about it. There was an episode where Super Hans was addicted to crack, and he came off it by putting valium up his arse for the come down. Once you've written that, you feel like you can get away with anything.

ALWAYS STRIVE FOR BETTER

There are obviously episodes that we're more proud of than others (my favourite is probably Mark's wedding — episode 6, series

4), but I wouldn't say we've written the perfect episode. If we thought we had, then we'd probably have to stop. The thing about a sitcom is that in many ways you're rewriting the same episode every time. Giving it another go and trying to make it perfect.

FINISH IT PROPERLY

Part of the reason for making this the last series is that we were desperate to go out on a high. We wanted to design an ending that would leave people wanting more, and wouldn't have them thinking we'd dropped off into mediocrity. We haven't changed things too much this series — we still have Mark, Jez, Dobby, Super Hans, Johnson. None of the characters "win" really — if they

did, it would be quite unfunny. Without giving away too much, no one gets an OBE and no one lives happily ever after. It doesn't end like the first *Star Wars*, with a mass medal-giving ceremony.

CONSIDER YOUR LEGACY

I like to think we've created hours and hours of human suffering. That would be our gift to the world — two men having their faces repeatedly smashed into brick walls. And hopefully, we've given the British viewing public a healthy shot of schadenfreude, so we can all enjoy our pathetic lives knowing they're not as pathetic as Mark and Jeremy's.

—

Peep Show will return to Channel 4 in November

"Two men having their faces repeatedly smashed into brick walls — that would be our gift to the world"





Below: Léa Seydoux stars in *The Lobster* alongside Colin Farrell (not pictured)

Claws for thought

THE LOBSTER IS A TRULY BIZARRE FILM, BUT THERE'S INSIGHT IN THEM THERE KRILLS

There aren't many films you could file under science fiction, dystopia, romance, thriller, comedy and satire and still feel like you're not fully doing it justice. But then you probably haven't yet seen *The Lobster*.

In the new movie from Greek director Yorgos Lanthimos — best known for 2009's *Dogtooth* and working here in English for the first time — single people are ordered to go to a hotel, usefully called The Hotel, where they have 45 days to find a suitable partner and return to society. If they fail, they are transformed into an animal of their choosing and sent to live out the rest of their days in The Woods (you guessed it).

If all that sounds nutso, you're not wrong. But *The Lobster* is also funny, clever and full of brilliant performances, not least from Colin Farrell, who, as the downtrodden protagonist David, would like to be turned into a lobster should it come to it ("They have blue blood. And I genuinely like the sea"). It's a very funny deadpan turn, and the Irishman's most adventurous role in years.

Elsewhere, Rachel Weisz is perfect as David's short-sighted and awkward lover; Ben Whishaw and John C Reilly reek of desperation as his sort-of friends; and Olivia



Colman steals every scene as The Hotel's terrifying manager. When Maggie from *Extras* and Big Keith from *The Office* pop up, the cast feels as surreal as the script.

But what does it all mean? Perhaps *The Lobster* is taking aim at romance in the digital age, where we reduce compatibility to a sterile list of qualities and interests to contrast and compare (residents at The Hotel must prove they have something in common before they are anointed a couple, even if it's a propensity for

nose bleeds). The formulaic and weirdly stunted way the characters pursue potential mates brings 1,000 identikit Tinder chats to mind.

It's just one theory you'll mull over afterwards, but like all great art — to borrow from TS Eliot — *The Lobster* communicates before it is understood. It's a film you'll think and talk about long after its credits roll, which in 2015, feels like a delicacy in itself.

—
The Lobster is out on 16 October



All the rage

NO ONE TAKES ON THE COSMIC INJUSTICES OF EXISTENCE QUITE LIKE JOHN GRANT, LET ALONE WITH TUNES

As well as being responsible for an all-time favourite quote in *Esquire* (involving "turd" and "sticky toffee pudding", April 2013), US musician John Grant has produced two of the most acclaimed albums of recent years in 2010's *Queen of Denmark* and 2013's *Pale Green Ghosts*. With his knack for pendulous, lush Seventies melodies and droll lyrical references to the mundane, it wasn't hard to hear why.

His third album, *Grey Tickles, Black*

Pressure is, at first, a harder sell: angrier, weirder, more experimental, the blousy ballads fight for elbow-room with spiky electro numbers. Grant delivers some songs in his resonant vibrato, others in an Iggy Pop growl that makes him sound like a shrubland sex pest.

But that doesn't mean the pickings aren't rich, or hilarious. There's the sexy cowboy-drawl rant of "You & Him", with a rousing chorus of "You and Hitler ought to get together/You ought to

learn to knit and wear matching sweaters"; there's the terrified goth-horror of "Magma", which may refer to Grant's junkie era; and there's the epically orchestrated title track, referencing haemorrhoid cream ads and seemingly about his misery at contracting HIV in 2011. Trust us, you'll like him when he's angry.

—
Grey Tickles, Black Pressure is out on 2 October (Bella Union)



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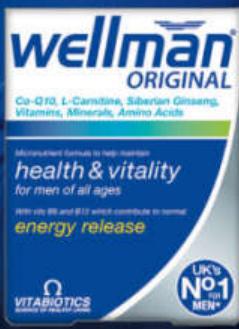
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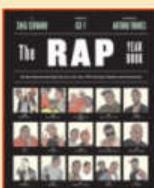
*England's all time highest international wicket-taker, 384 test wickets correct at 17 April 2015. Source: www.jamesanderson613.com

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The Rap Year Book gives props — and an illustrated guide — to the most influential tracks and performers from rap's 25-year heyday

Break it down

A NEW BOOK DISSECTS JUST WHAT MAKES A RAP SONG, LIKE, GREAT

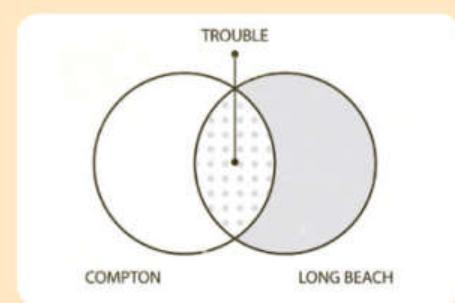
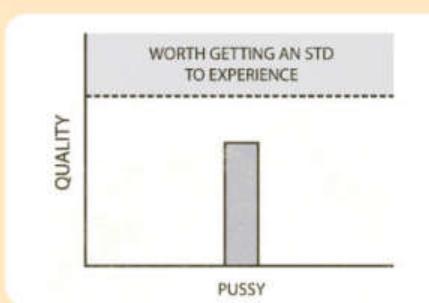
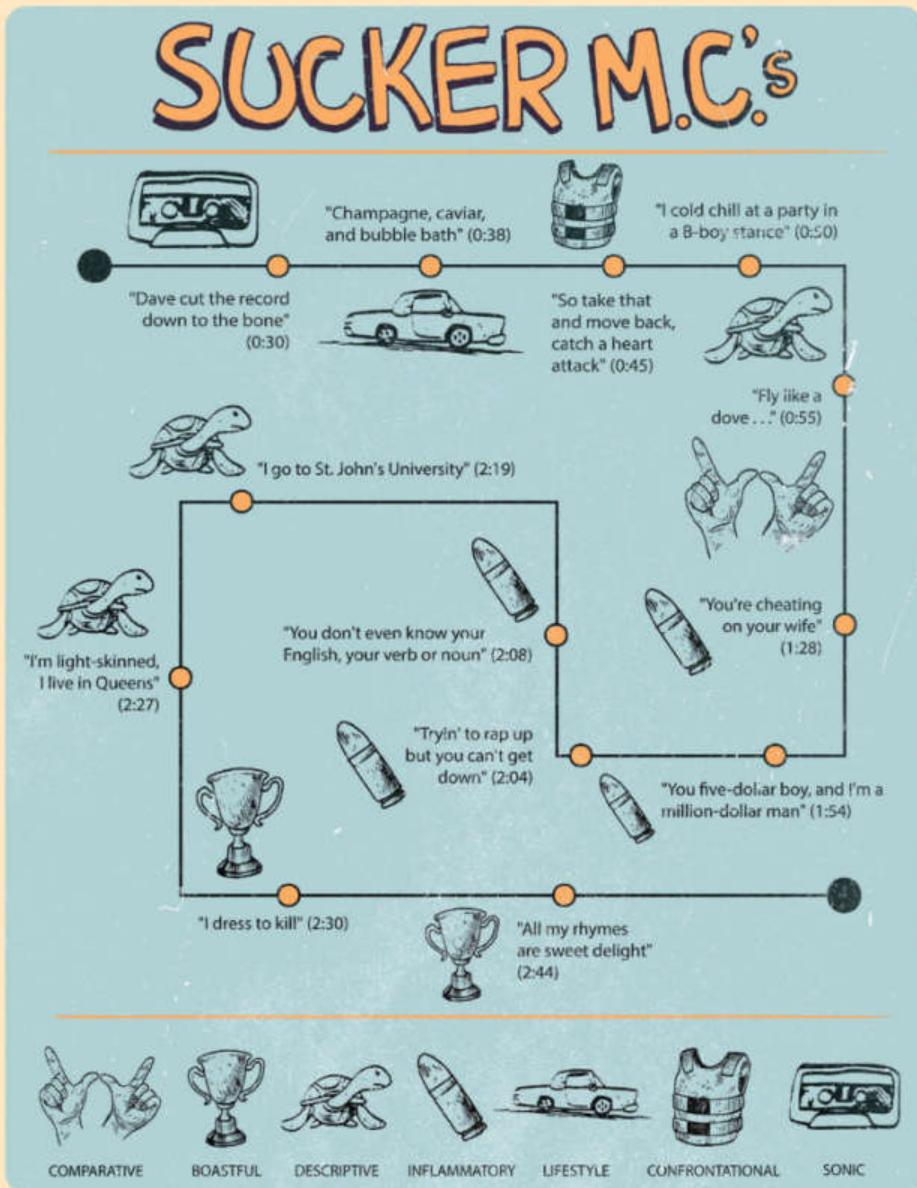
Imagine if you could relive one of those late-night, possibly drink- or pot-addled discussions you had when you were 17 about whether Afrika Bambaataa's "Planet Rock" made a more significant contribution to the history of rap music than Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five's "The Message", but *in a book?* Well, pop down that apple bong because the good news is, friend, you can.

The Rap Year Book by Grantland staffer Shea Serrano, is a knowingly subjective selection of the most important rap songs of each year from 1979 to 2014, with a spirited advocacy for each, plus diagrams where necessary. As Serrano declares, it is about sifting out the works that shifted the musical, social or even political landscape around them from those that are "just fun to move your body and arms and legs to".

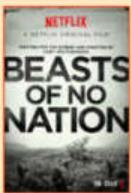
But, this being the literary equivalent of Friday night round Jeff's house, such discussions need a dissenting voice (a Tony, if you will). Thus, when Serrano argues that Public Enemy's "Fight the Power" was the song that mattered in 1989, Pitchfork's Jayson Greene makes the counter argument for Tone-Loc's "Wild Thing". Or when Serrano plumps hard for DMX's "Ruff Ryders' Anthem" to represent for 1998, up pops ESPN's Bomani Jones on behalf of "Ha" by Juvenile.

Are these important decisions? Of course not. Does that mean it can't make for a fun discussion? Hell no! And indeed, it's a lively debate that will continue for decades to come. Or at least until Tony's mum drives round in her dressing gown to find out why he's out so late when he's got to help Uncle Jim paint the shed tomorrow.

—
The Rap Year Book by Shea Serrano, foreword by Ice-T, is out on 13 October (Abrams Image)



10



Netflix's first feature film foray, *Beasts of No Nations*, depicts the harrowing life of an African boy soldier; Idris Elba stars as the leader of a guerrilla faction

Lost boys

NETFLIX LAUNCHES ITS FIRST ORIGINAL MOVIE THIS MONTH — AND IT'S A BRUTAL STATEMENT OF INTENT

There's a devastatingly efficient repetition in director Cary Joji Fukunaga's film, *Beasts of No Nation*, which he adapted from Nigerian-American author Uzodinma Iweala's novel, that encapsulates the descent into horror of its protagonist. A young boy, Agu, and his friends cut down a tree and lay it across a road in an unspecified West African country. When a motorist stops, they cheekily try to extort money from him to move it. He's not in the least impressed. Soon after, Agu's homeland is rent by war between rival factions, his father has been killed in front of him, and he's sought the protection of guerrillas in the forest. When they set up a roadblock on a bridge, Agu is forced to kill a man with a machete, as the victim — who he's informed is responsible by association for his father's death — pleads for mercy.

Beasts of No Nation, the first feature-length film by Netflix, is a savage, beautiful (sometimes savagely beautiful) story of Agu's existence as a child soldier, which he is driven to by the need to survive, but to which he soon becomes resigned and numb. This is a world too terrible to imagine, where the exuberance of childhood is exploited by men who are too corrupt, or too desperate, to care about the damage they're wreaking: a position potently portrayed by Idris Elba as Agu's charismatic and abusive commandant. The star, though, is 15-year-old Abraham Attah as Agu, who delivers snippets of Iweala's powerful prose, stuck in a kind of Miltonian hell of the present continuous tense ("I am thinking the only way not to be fighting any more is to be dying"), in a performance and voiceover as heart-rending as it is understated.

As he did in the first series of *True Detective*, Fukunaga finds a strange, desaturated beauty in the most dreadful of landscapes and events — here, in a spectral rocket attack — though the film's central violence sequence, seen through Agu's drug-addled eyes, owes a significant (and hopefully acknowledged somewhere) debt to the fuchsia-stained grasslands of Richard Mosse's photos. The film is dark both figuratively and literally: if you're watching at home — there's talk of releasing it in cinemas simultaneously — keep the curtains closed. As a beacon of Netflix's intent to become a destination for high-quality, important and challenging feature movies, however, *Beasts of No Nation* shines brightly.

— Available on Netflix from 16 October



11



Kerm your enthusiasm

META MUPPETS MOCKUMENTARY LOOKS MEGA

Lots of funny people have examined the what-you-don't-see machinations of show business, from Garry Shandling in *The Larry Sanders Show*, Tina Fey with *30 Rock*, Ricky Gervais with *Extras* and Aaron Sorkin with, briefly at least, *Studio 60 on the Sunset Strip*. But way before them, in the Seventies, the late Jim Henson sent up the world of light entertainment — with help from a cast of toothless friends — in *The Muppet Show*.

The chaotic behind-the-scenes scenes were often even more enjoyable than the razzmatazz of the show-within-the-show itself, and now *The Muppets* are reclaiming the genre they

helped invent with a new mockumentary series that focuses solely on the backstage bits.

Everything's still an old-fashioned emotional mess: Gonzo still loves Miss Piggy, Miss Piggy still loves Kermit, and Kermit still loves the showbiz buzz (and also a pig called Denise who's head of marketing), but now Kermit drinks Dean & DeLuca coffee, Fozzie has a mobile phone, La Piggy dresses like Kris Jenner (or is it vice versa?) and the Swedish Chef is making meatball sushi. The Muppets have moved with the times.

The Muppets starts on Sky I in October

12

A little scare

FORGET THE DOORSTOP NOVELS, DAVID MITCHELL'S LATEST IS A NIFTY GOTHIC TALE

We all know the negative impact of Twitter — trolling, diminished concentration, Zayn Malik — but did you know it can be a force for good? And it can even, as in the case of David Mitchell's new novel, result in some notable creative acts? #whofrickinknew

Slade House began as a short story called "The Right Sort", which Mitchell drip-fed on Twitter last year in 140-character chunks. It was a first-person account by a young boy, Nathan, of a Valium-fuelled trip (in all senses) with his mum to visit the mysterious Lady Briggs and her precocious, home-schooled son at her London home.

But the story grew beyond its ascribed medium and Mitchell was compelled to turn "The Right Sort" into a five-part novel, albeit one that for the author of *Cloud Atlas* and *The Thousand Autumns of Jacob de Zoet*, is uncharacteristically compact. And while "The Right Sort" used the drug conceit to raise some "is the weird stuff really happening

or is it all in Nathan's head?" ambiguities, *Slade House* plunges us into full psycho-mystic fantasy-horror — and it's a hoot.

Slade House is an old-fashioned haunted gaff, presided over by macabre twins on the lookout for "guests" whose particular paranormal qualities might be useful to them. To say any more would kill the fun, but let's just say Mitchell doesn't spare the horses: there are spectral doorways, creepy attics and ghostly portraits.

Mitchell is clearly having a ball, allowing the scenarios he creates to slide and shift and melt away as we read them, reminding us we are as much at the mercy of his authorial whims as Nathan is of the spooky twins. *Slade House* is a ripping little Victorian gothic yarn, and one of which @edgarallenpoe would have been proud.

—

Slade House by David Mitchell (Sceptre) is out on 27 October





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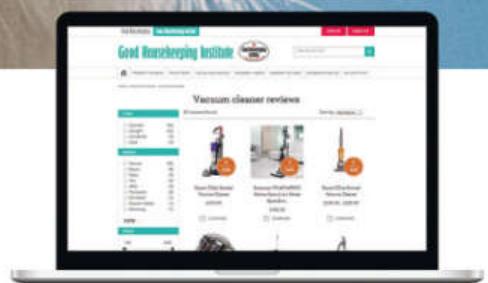


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Net profit: web prankster phenom Josh Ostrovsky is flying high — some allege off the work of others

13

The Fat Jewish fact file

A BASIC PRIMER AS THE INSTAGRAM KING GOES OLD SCHOOL

REAL NAME: Josh Ostrovsky

NICKNAMES: The Fat Jew, The Fat Jewish, Fabrizio Goldstein, Joshua Onassis, Jewson Surandon, Patrick Jewing, Bruce.

WHAT HE IS: Fat. Jewish. A New York Instagram sensation — 5.7m followers and counting — and the soon-to-be published author of a memoir, *Money Pizza Respect*, the title of which comes from his own personal motto (and chest tattoo).

WHAT HE ISN'T: What his folks had in mind. Encouraged to act from nine, he scored some ads, before losing his mojo after wildly misjudging an audition for a child safety awareness video (as he recalls in the opening chapter, it involved jazz hands).



MEGA MENSCH? His greatest hits include an extended Instaribbing of Kanye West (who responded, in gnomic fashion, by taking him to brunch), an online recreation of the *Braveheart* battle scene with migrant Hispanic workers, and being offered a modelling deal. He's learned to make money from the web (listen up, print media!) through product endorsements that mostly involve him sitting in tubs of food: guacamole (Taco Bell), ramen noodles (Virgin Media), chili (Craftsman Tools).

UBER SCHMUCK? He's been accused of ripping off other Instagrammers without proper credit, though his defenders argue the main point of his site is to be an aggregator, not originator, of humour from the net. That he's got a couple of TV shows in the works, not to mention the book deal, probably won't ease tensions. Ah well, *ver es hot gelt hot di gatseh velt!*

—
Money Pizza Respect by Josh "The Fat Jew" Ostrovsky is out on 22 October (Hardie Grant)

After shocks

NEW DOCUMENTARY 3½ MINUTES EXPLORES A BRIEF, DEVASTATING INCIDENT IN US RACE RELATIONS

14



In a Florida car park in 2012, a middle-aged white man called Michael Dunn shot 10 bullets into a car containing four unarmed black teenagers after they refused to turn down what he called their "thug music". One of them, 17-year-old Jordan Davis, died in what would later be described by one commentator as a "21st-century lynching".

Marc Silver's Sundance Award-winning documentary follows the Davis family as they seek justice in court, where Dunn is citing the state's notorious stand-your-ground self-defence law that acquitted Trayvon

Martin's killer George Zimmerman in a similarly high-profile case the same year.

Silver's last documentary, about a dead immigrant worker, *Who Is Dayani Cristal?* (2013), was criticised for being too didactic. Here, he makes no such mistake. Made up mostly of footage from the court and interviews with Davis's parents, *3½ Minutes* is an unobtrusive, tautly told account of a uniquely American tragedy that is heartbreaking, incensing and all too sadly familiar.

—
3½ Minutes is out on 2 October



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50 things no man should be without this winter

From Gucci's fur-lined loafers to Tarantino's snowbound western, Bowie's Broadway musical to Ford's latest hot hatch, Taschen's new supermodel extravaganza to the poems of TS Eliot, Beckham's new clothing collection to the art of Auerbach, and AA Gill's unmissable memoir to Burberry's new Scarf Bar, *Esquire* presents a half-century of seasonal hotness to get you through the coming cold snap

Edited by Alex Bilmes and Johnny Davis / Photographs by Sam Armstrong

01



A tough-guy watch

For hard times

If the abundance of triathlon-style challenges, the increasing obsession with personal training and the rise of green smoothies is anything to go by, our lives are becoming more active and outdoorsy than ever. Happily, watch brands are keeping up, with a slew of hard-wearing timepieces launching this year. We've chosen three favourites.

—
Stainless steel North Flag, £2,430,
by Tudor

Everose gold Perpetual Yacht-Master,
£16,650, by Rolex

Metal Twisted G-Shock MT-G, £1,180,
by Casio



02

A Ralph Lauren Purple Label cable-knit sweater

Soft return

Made from 100 per cent cashmere and boasting smart ribbed cuffs and hem, Ralph Lauren's cashmere cable-knit sweaters – long a staple of the stylish man's winter weekend wardrobe – are joyfully warm and unbelievably soft. That's thanks to the fact that the cashmere is spun in a century-old Italian mill, using water from the Swiss Alps, no less. What's more, the raised nature of the weave puts them bang in line with the current trend for textured clothing.

—
£125; ralphlauren.co.uk

03

A test drive of the new Ford Focus RS

For overgrown boy racers everywhere

The eagerly anticipated Ford Focus RS hot hatch comes with a 2.3-litre four-cylinder 345bhp EcoBoost turbo engine, all-wheel drive and a sub-£35k price tag. The engine has been developed with rally driver Ken Block, and there's some aggressive styling going on in the redesigned front end, including Ford's new grille, slimline headlights and flared nose and wheel arches. What's more, it's equipped with a drift function: 70 per cent of the power can be sent to the rear axle, with all of that power routed to one wheel if required. Sporty.

—
Out early 2016; expected price around £30,000; ford.co.uk



04

Tickets to Lazarus

Bowie rises again, this time off-Broadway

No theatre news was received with more excitement this year than the announcement that David Bowie was to create a new musical for the New York stage. *Lazarus*, co-written with the brilliant Irish playwright and screenwriter Enda Walsh, is a new adaptation of the novel *The Man Who Fell To Earth* (famously Bowie starred in the 1976 Nic Roeg film version) with new songs by the man himself and direction by Ivo van Hove, who is packing heat from his recent production of *A View from the Bridge*, in London. If you're planning to be in New York this winter without tickets to this, our advice is not to tell anyone.

—
Lazarus is at the New York Theater Workshop, 18 November–27 December

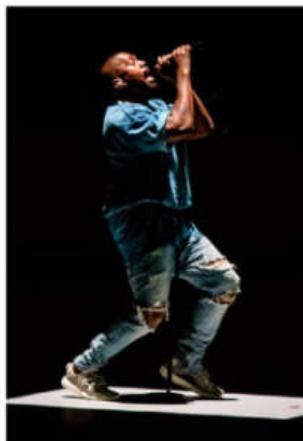
05

A glass or three of Moët & Chandon MCIII

Bubbling up

The champagne house has just released its flagship prestige cuvée after 15 years in development. "MCIII is more than just bubbles," says chef de cave, Benoît Gouez. "It's the sum of all we have learned." It's an intricate blend of Chardonnay and Pinot Noir grapes aged in stainless-steel vats, vintage blends aged in oak barrels, and fully-fledged grand vintages aged in glass bottles for up to 10 years. "It's not just pure champagne but a wine from champagne," says Gouez. Its strikingly complex yet subtle flavour is best appreciated in a wide glass and accompanying food.

—
£330; uk.moet.com



06

Scent of a woman (and a man)
Unisex fragrances: the smell of right now

Just as the gender boundaries in fashion are being broken down (the biggest trend in Paris and Milan for autumn/winter was putting men's and women's clothing together on the catwalks), so are the sexes being blurred in the world of fragrance. Bright notes of mint, bergamot and juniper dominate, and adaptable florals such as rose and iris abound. Choose from one of these three:

—
Aqua Vitae Forte Eau du Parfum by Maison Francis Kurkdjian, £165 for 70ml, selfridges.co.uk
Oliver Peoples Eau de Parfum by Byredo, £105 for 50ml, byredo.com
Florabellio by Diptyque, £75 for 100ml, spacenk.com

07

The return of Kanye West
Not that he's been away, exactly

Pop savant, slave to fashion, controversial Glastonbury headliner, and 50 per cent of the most photographed marriage on the planet, the rapper with the Messiah complex irritates as much as he enthralls, but when it comes to making electrifying modern music, there's really no one to touch him. His new album, the follow-up to 2013's *Yeezus*, has been promised for some time and by the time you read this it may well be out, such is the difficulty of anticipating music release dates in the age of the internet. Either way, it's sure to be the sound of the winter.

—
Out soon, or even now (maybe)

08

The SodaStream Source
The fizzy gets busy again

Someone at SodaStream is a real marketing genius. The drinks carbonator for the home was a big hit in the Seventies and Eighties, when it clogged up kitchen worktops, provided questionable service to kids' teeth with its syrupy flavourings, and came with an irritating advertising jingle. Now reborn as a green alternative to buying bottled water, and sporting a total brand overhaul, it has successfully targeted hip restaurants on both sides of the Atlantic, citing cost savings to customers and owners. Stock prices have since risen so fast there have been rumours of a takeover by Pepsi. (Remember Pepsi?)

—
£100; sodastream.co.uk

09

A sniff of Bill
The world's coolest movie star, now available for scratching

Later this year, Netflix is bringing us *A Very Murray Christmas*, an homage to the classic seasonal variety show starring the *Lost In Translation* actor alongside a cast of megastars and hipsters including, but not limited to, George Clooney, Amy Poehler, Michael Cera and members of the band Phoenix. If you can't wait until then, you could always pass the time with a copy of a new scratch-and-sniff book, *Cook Your Own Food*, featuring "the greatest man alive" (their words, but we won't argue) in a series of well-known, food-related movie scenes, and lovingly recreated by various artists.

—
£6; sugoibooks.bigcartel.com



10

An appointment with
The Hateful Eight
Go Western, young man

Quentin Tarantino's follow up to his outrageous slave-era epic *Django Unchained* follows eight bounty hunters who meet by chance when a severe snowstorm forces them to take shelter together in post-Civil War Wyoming. What follows is a tale of deception and murder and, of course, lots of cartoonish violence. Early buzz suggests this could be Jennifer Jason Leigh's "McConaughey moment", while Kurt Russell, Bruce Dern, Samuel L Jackson, Channing Tatum, Tim Roth and Michael Madsen also star. Meanwhile, the great composer Ennio Morricone, of *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly* fame, has written the soundtrack, his first Western in 40 years.

In cinemas 8 January 2016

11

A pair of Gucci's Jordaan
kangaroo-fur-lined loafers
Put a Skippy in your step

Gucci's new creative director, Alessandro Michele, has hit the ground running: his first two collections were the brand's most acclaimed for years. He has also come up with the most talked-about accessories of the season, for men and women: these playful takes on the brand's classic horsebit loafers. Who knew kangaroo would be the must-have shoe lining of 2015?

£695; gucci.com

12

A copy of *Exploring & Tasting Wine*, by Berry Bros & Rudd Wine School
Right on the nose

Britain's oldest wine merchant certainly knows its grapes and has put its three centuries of knowledge into this definitive textbook for beginner or buff. Visuals include colour spectrums linking you to the correct phraseology, while innovative "targets" show the balance of different wines through coloured circles, all with a welcome sense of humour. It also advises which wines to buy, which is what you really want. "We've been teaching about wine for over 10 years, so we know what people are puzzled about," BBR says. "People often have the idea you have to be born with some amazing talent for tasting, but it's a skill; if you practise you get much better."

£30, bbr-press.com



13

A Nerf N-Strike Modulus ECS-10 Blaster

Because youth is wasted on the young

OK, so it's a £60 dart gun, but what a dart gun. This battery-powered blaster toy lets you shoot up to 90ft at 70mph. You can also customise it 30 ways with a bunch of different accessories. And there's a drop grip and a targeting scope. Just don't let the kids get their hands on it, obviously.

—
£60, hasbro.com

14

A game of *Assassin's Creed Syndicate*

Warning: graphics content

The *Grand Theft Auto*-with-horses series creeps back for its second instalment on the new consoles, after last year's pretty but buggy *Unity*. Playing either Jacob or Evie, you'll sneak and slash your way around post-industrial London, attempting to take out your target without getting spotted. This is one of only a handful of next-gen games to fully utilise the Xbox One and PS4's increased power to deliver genuine photo-realistic graphics.

—
Out 23 October on PS4/Xbox One, and autumn on PC

15

A night in with *Transparent*, season two

Perfect comic timing

Those who don't have access to Amazon Prime have been missing out on an unexpected pleasure. Those who do will be glad to hear that the excellent *Transparent* returns for a second series, just in time for Christmas. If comedy is all about timing, then this – dark, but definitely funny – is the comedy of the moment, since gender fluidity is the hottest of topics. Featuring a winning turn from Jeffrey Tambor (George Bluth Sr from *Arrested Development*) as the transgender father of the dysfunctional Pfefferman family, it is as bracingly contemporary a TV show as you can imagine.

—
amazon.co.uk

16

A Prada coat

This winter, go grey in style

Season after season, Miuccia Prada surprises with collections that set the fashion agenda. For autumn/winter 2015, Mrs Prada has gone superminimal, with monochromatic shades, slim silhouettes and untextured mohair, wool and nylon dominating. The coats stand out, particularly this classic single-breasted example in grey mohair.

—
£1,770, grey mohair coat; prada.com

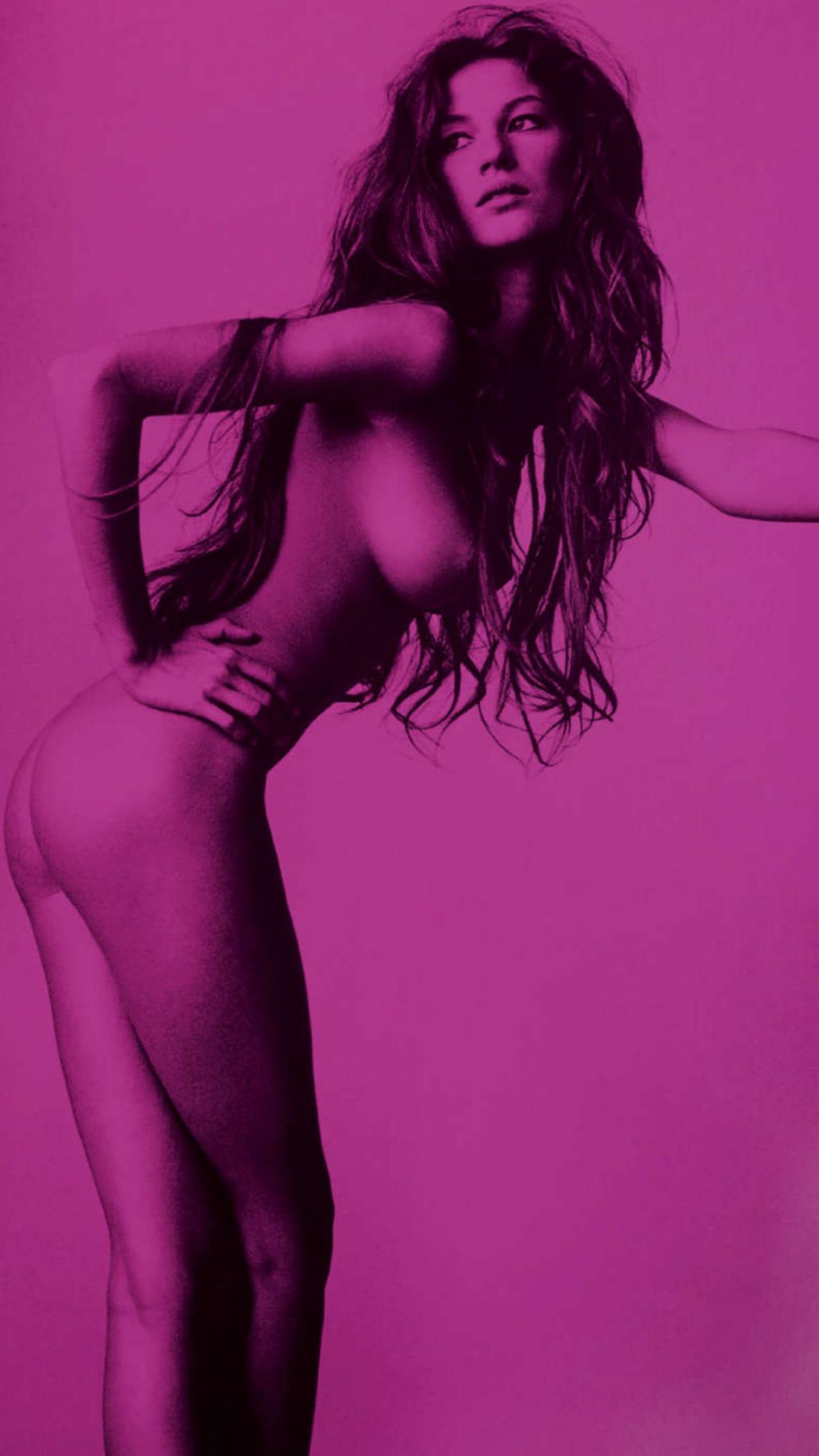
17

A flick through**Gisele Bundchen**

The Brazilian glamazon gets the Taschen treatment

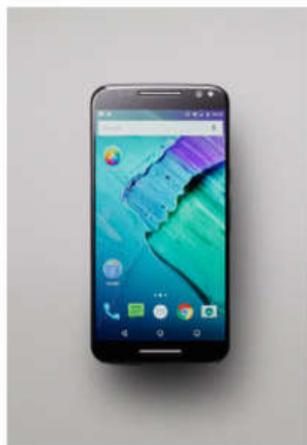
We could tell you that rather than a compendium of pictures of the most stupendously attractive woman of the past decade-and-a-half, this stunning new coffee-table book is actually a survey of the work of the finest fashion photographers of the day (Meisel, Teller, Testino and the rest). We could tell you that, and we wouldn't be lying. Because it is that. It really is. But as you can see from the photo here and the two overleaf, it is also a series of eye-popping images of Gisele Bundchen, the last of the supermodels, the girl from Horizontina, Brazil, who burst onto catwalks and covers just before the turn of the century and became one of the most iconic examples of powerful female pulchritude ever. So it's both of those things. But especially the latter.

—
£455, out in November (Taschen); taschen.com









18

A place on the Ginger Pig's new poultry course
A how-to for bird men

The Ginger Pig is the chain of smart London butchers that gives premium meat new meaning. It has recently added poultry to its range of hands-on classes (beef, pork and lamb are the other options), where you'll learn how to spatchcock a chicken, bone out a duck, use the whole carcass and, most importantly of all, make a chicken kiev. Whether you're a leg man or a breast man, you'll come away a better cook than went you went in.

—
£155, gingerpig.co.uk

19

The new album by Grimes
Mental visionary

Though 2012 might seem like a lifetime ago, a quick spin of Grimes' breakthrough album *Visions* from that year on the *Esquire* stereo confirms it hasn't dated a jot. Canadian producer-songwriter Claire Boucher – once described as an "alien love-child of Aphex Twin and ABBA" – has taken her time on the follow-up, apparently scrapping half a new album in the process. Now signed to Jay Z's management company RocNation, the untitled-at-the-time-of-going-to-press new album is said to feature "a lot of diss tracks" and a couple of intriguing alter egos. "Screechy Bat, who's the mental one," she explains. And one that's "super-vampish and sexy – I don't know her name yet, but she's like Ginger Spice". Hmm.

—
Out October

20

A smarter phone
The Moto X Style leads the charge

Motorola's latest is a customisable, high-end smartphone that packs a fast-charging battery and a great display into a slick package. Never mind the choice of 18 different backs and seven different colour accents, the really head-turning stuff goes on under the hood – notably the impressive camera. There's a 21MP sensor that can film in both 4K and full HD. It also comes with the latest Android 5.1 Lollipop. Better still, a 15-minute charge will give you 10 hours of battery life.

—
£360; motorola.co.uk

21

Bespoke shirts from Emma Willis
They fit, and you'll know it

Once you've been measured up in the basement of Emma Willis's shop on London's Jermyn Street, your beautiful bespoke shirt is made in the firm's Gloucester townhouse factory, with each pattern cut by hand, and each seam sewn with 18 stitches per inch for maximum neatness and strength. And once Willis has your measurements, you can order more bespoke shirts online. Simple.

—
From £240; emmawillis.com



22

A table at Bellanger
Corbin & King's new
gastrodome

Opening in November in north London, Bellanger is the latest all-day brasserie from the kings of the London restaurant scene, Chris Corbin and Jeremy King, the men behind – among other triumphs – The Wolseley and The Delaunay. And like those, it will be in the style of a middle-European grand cafe. Expect a formidably stylish interior, impeccable service, a crowd of metropolitan movers and shakers and a menu full of classics. Our money's on the choucroute à l'Alsacienne (above).

–
Bellanger, 9 Islington Green, London, N1 2XH; bellanger.co.uk

23

Both volumes of *The Poems of TS Eliot*
It doesn't get more Modern

Pretty (and comprehensive) enough to buy even if you already own the poems in other volumes (which you should), this new two-volume edition, edited by Christopher Ricks and Jim McCue, is the definitive collection of the Modernist master's poetry, including, of course, his "greatest hits", *The Waste Land* and *The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock*, among many others.

–
Out 3 November (Faber)

24

A date with *The Revenant*
Grrr

Birdman director Alejandro González Iñárritu's ambitious period epic reportedly suffered a somewhat fraught production, but it looks brilliant. Set in the 1820s, it's a gritty revenge drama following a frontiersman, played by Leonardo DiCaprio, who sets out to track down the men who left him for dead after he was mauled by a bear. (As you do.) DiCaprio is strongly tipped for awards nominations, and he's joined by his *Inception* collaborator – and recent *Esquire* cover star – Tom Hardy.

–
In cinemas 15 January

25

Tod's Cloud tote
Brand new bag

Though Tod's recently introduced its new ready-to-wear line, it's for beautiful, luxurious shoes and bags that the Italian brand is still best known. This Cloud tote, new for autumn/winter 2015, is crafted from ultra-fine shearling, is unlined and features no bonded (glued) elements; making it very light and soft as a cloud – hence the name. Better yet, it'll work as an ultra-stylish backpack, gym bag or a messenger bag.

—
£1,470; [tod's.com](http://tods.com)





26

**Alexander Calder:
Performing Sculpture**
Mobiles roaming

In the season's most intriguing blockbuster exhibition, Tate Modern will be celebrating the extraordinary kinetic sculptures (mobiles, really) of the late American artist Alexander Calder (1898–1976), with a show that should be moving, both figuratively and literally. For bonus cultural cred, the exhibition is designed by Swiss architects Herzog & de Meuron, who did the Tate Modern building.

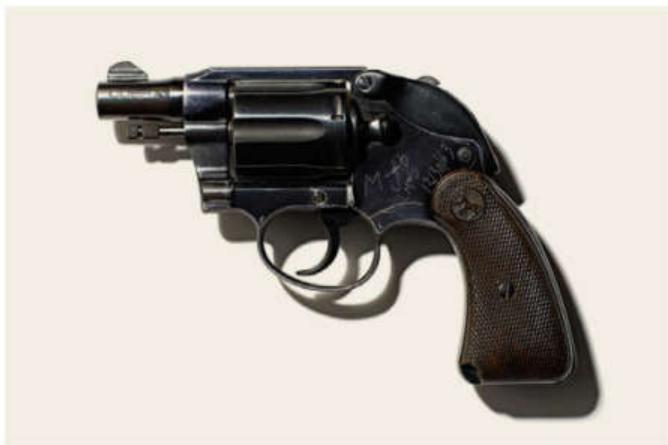
—
11 November–3 April 2016, Tate Modern, London, tate.org.uk

27

**A copy of Henry Leutwyler:
Document**
Object lessons

A shoe is just a shoe, except when it's a sandal that once belonged to Mahatma Gandhi. A gun is just a gun, except when it's the revolver with which Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald. An acoustic guitar is just an acoustic guitar, except when it was owned by Janis Joplin. A golf club is just a golf club, except when it's been used to tee off on the Moon. Photographer Henry Leutwyler's new coffee-table book features images of objects with a story-and-a-half to tell, beautifully photographed.

—
Out January 2016 (Steidl)



28

A trip to *Bridge of Spies*
Spielberg and Hanks take on the Cold War

Based on a real-life, 1960 incident, when an American U-2 spy plane flown by Francis Gary Powers was shot down over the Soviet Union, Steven Spielberg's film, scripted by the Coen brothers, stars Tom Hanks, Mark Rylance, Amy Ryan and Alan Alda. In what looks like the classiest Cold War espionage thriller since *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, Hanks plays a Brooklyn insurance lawyer recruited by the CIA and charged with negotiating the pilot's release – and averting a possible nuclear war. It's Spielberg's first film as director since the Oscar-winning *Lincoln*, in 2012. Expect fireworks.

—
In cinemas 27 November

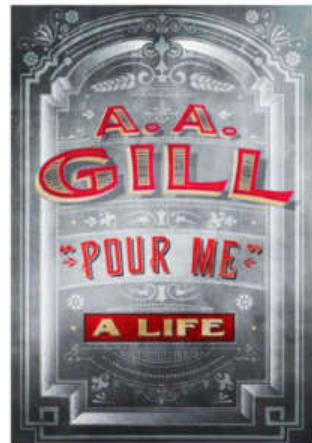


29

A whizz on the Vitamix Professional Series 750 Blender
Pro greens

There are blenders and there are blenders. This pricey beast promises to let you make "flavourful gourmet meals" with the "speed and precision" of a pro chef. The 2.2 peak horsepower motor spins the blades at up to 240mph, allowing you to chop, cream, blend, heat, grind and churn with a single machine. Best of all, you can make both soup and ice cream without any extra attachments. You just change the setting. It even cleans itself (just add soap and spin on high for 30 seconds).

—
£650; vitamix.co.uk



30

A poke around Damien Hirst's new place
Newport Street Gallery opens for business

Opening in October in Lambeth, South London, Hirst's Newport Street Gallery is the realisation of the artist's long-stated desire to have a space of his own to showcase his huge collection (more than 3,000 pieces) of other people's art, from Bacon and Picasso to Emin and Banksy. Hirst is a curator of some repute (remember *Freeze?*) and at 37,000sq ft, with restaurant and shop, this is a major addition to London's art scene. The first exhibition is *John Hoyland: Power Stations*, a survey of one of the greatest British abstract painters of his generation. Look out Tate Modern.

—
Newport Street Gallery, Newport Street, London, SE1 6AJ;
newportstreetgallery.com

31

A trip to Star Wars: Episode VII – The Force Awakens

But will the audience nod off?

You didn't think we were really going to try to get through a cultural-consumer digest of the best of the season without reference to the Hollywood movie event of the year, did you? You already know the details: director JJ Abrams is at the controls; Harrison Ford is back as Han Solo; Mark Hamill and Carrie Fisher return as Luke and Leia; the droids and the wookie are present and correct; and a galaxy of new stars – including Oscar Isaac and Adam Driver – try to get the average cast age down below 60. Will it be any good? Well, it can't be worse than *The Phantom Menace*. So there's that.

—
In cinemas 17 December

32

A bottle of Lab Series Future Rescue Repair Serum

Skincare's first responder

The grooming giant's latest release claims to be its "most advanced product ever" – it features no less than 21 patents. The serum coats the epidermal layer of the skin with antioxidants, which help repair signs of ageing. A great solution to post-summer sun damage.

—
[£48, labseries.co.uk](http://labseries.co.uk)

33

Some me time with AA Gill
Because *Pour Me* is the memoir of the year

You know him as *Esquire*'s Uncle Dysfunctional. *Sunday Times* readers know him as Britain's most waspish critic, terror of clueless TV commissioning editors and sub-par restaurateurs, and one of the most notable – and perhaps the most entertaining – journalists of the age. But, in his twenties, Adrian Gill was a black-out alcoholic, who came dangerously close to drinking himself to death. We're biased, of course, but this long-awaited account of the year (or was it 18 months?) between the end of Gill's first marriage and the moment he stopped drinking really is the most arresting, affecting and beautifully written non-fiction book of 2015. Put down your glass, put up your feet and pick up a copy.

—
£20, out 12 November (Orion); orionbooks.com

34

A rifle through David Beckham's
Modern Essentials for H&M
Straight from the
clothes horse's mouth

Footballer and fashion guru. Is there nothing this man cannot do? Well, go shopping, apparently. As he explains:

Esquire: What clothes should every man have in his wardrobe?

David Beckham: A great piece of tailoring, which he can either wear as a suit or break up and make part of a more casual look. Shirts are an essential, both crisp and white or patterned with a check. A good coat, a sweater and a pair of jeans.

ESQ: What are your favourite pieces from your new H&M Modern Essentials collection?

DB: If I have to choose, the camel coat has a really sharp silhouette, one that reminds me of London. And then I'm looking forward to wearing the striped sweater all winter, and it's great that the plaid shirt has been made smart with a button-down collar.

ESQ: Do you ever actually go clothes shopping for yourself?

DB: My life is so busy that when I have free time I like to spend it with my family. I try to go to stores when I can, but I'm mainly buying for my children.

—
David Beckham's Modern Essentials collection for H&M is in stores now; hm.com

Grey marl sweatshirt, £25;
grey marl sweatpants, £20





35

A pair of New Balance football boots Just for kicks

That familiar "N" logo is making its first foray into the competitive world of football boots this season with two lightweight models for attacking players: the Visaro (pictured) for those who "make chances", and the Furon for those who "take chances". Players who can't hit a barn door clearly aren't being catered for.

—
£130, newbalance.co.uk/football



36

Flights to Sri Panwa, Phuket Paradise found

After decades in the tourist mainstream, Phuket has reinvented itself as a luxury playground in recent years, where destination retreats like the stellar Sri Panwa can offer private infinity-pool villas, a world-class spa and a rooftop bar with endless views across the Andaman Sea. The perfect antidote to the British winter.

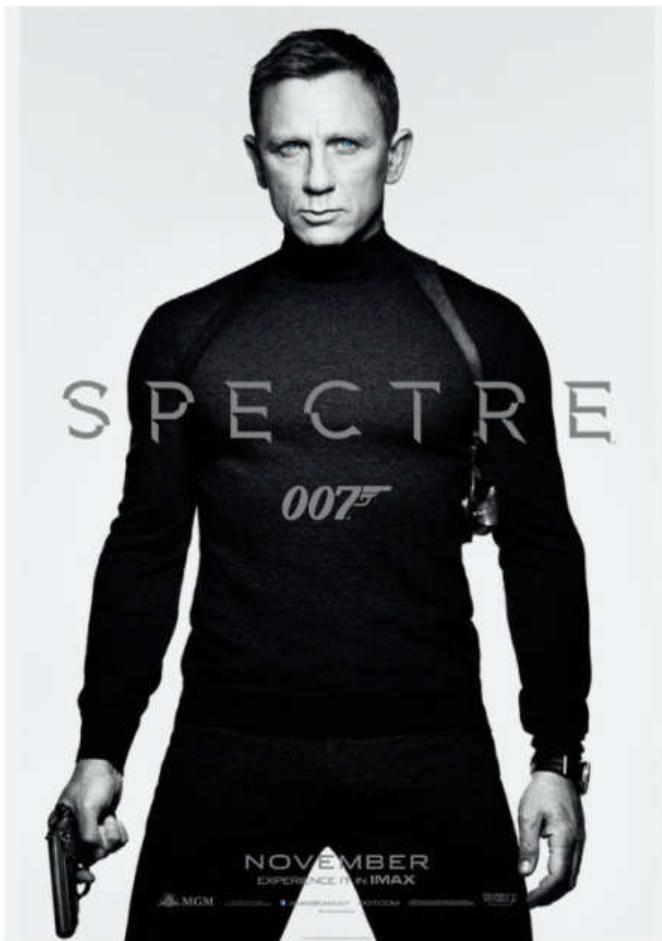
—
From £300pn; sripanwa.com

37

A viewing of *They Call It Acid* The youth-culture documentary we call unmissable

A labour of love, many years in the making and still seeking money to fund a DVD release, director Gordon Mason's *They Call It Acid* is the definitive documentary history of the last truly exciting, genuinely subversive moment in British youth culture – what interviewee Noel Gallagher calls "our answer to punk". There are contributions from everyone from early party-starters to later dancefloor superstars, as well as the police and politicians who tried to shut the movement down. The film also features exceptionally laid-back narration from house legend Robert Owens and, of course, some bangin' choons. To quote contributor Terry Farley, a noted DJ and observer of the scene: "Absolutely bananas."

—
Out early next year; theycallitacid.com



38

Tickets to Spectre

You may have heard about this one before

Regular readers of *Esquire* will have noticed last month – as if they didn't know already – that Daniel Craig is back as James Bond this autumn, after a three-year lay-off since his last adventure, *Skyfall*. In his October *Esquire* interview, Craig promised (half humorously, it must be said) that *Spectre* will be "*Skyfall* x 10". Early reports from Bond insiders indicate he might not be far off the mark, with 007 facing one of his most fearsome adversaries to date, in the shape of Christoph Waltz's villain. Expect explosive set-pieces, exotic women (Monica Bellucci and Lea Seydoux), a new Aston Martin and the return of Ralph Fiennes as M, Ben Whishaw as Q and Naomie Harris as Moneypenny. If it's not the biggest British movie of the year, we'll eat his Walther PPK.

In cinemas 26 October

39

A fiddle with an Arckit Architectural Model System

Grand designs (without the bother of builders)

Arckit lets you build an eerily lifelike model of your new extension/house/garden/bedroom before wasting thousands on lazy builders/overpriced materials/a site manager, who will likely quit midway through the project. Unlike similar kits, no glue is necessary, and the whole thing is assembled using interconnecting components, Lego-style. That said, the Danish toy giant never let you add details like wood flooring, terracotta tiles, stone walls and aluminium shingle roofing.

What's more, it's compatible with 3D modelling software, meaning you can order the pieces needed to make almost anything.

From £50, arckit.com

40

The GoPro Hero4 Session Action Camera

Because size matters

All the power of a big GoPro packed into the hit brand's smallest, lightest and most portable camera yet – 50 per cent smaller and 35 per cent lighter than the GoPro Hero 4. A single button powers up the camera and begins recording in 1080p60 video immediately. (It also takes 8MP photos.) It's both durable and waterproof, meaning it's as at home up a cliff face as it is strapped to your surfboard. The top-selling flash memory camcorder on Amazon since its launch, it's not hard to see why.

£300; gopro.com

41

Esquire's The Big Watch Book

It's about time

The brand new publication from the people who bring you Britain's most stylish and sophisticated men's magazine (what's it called again?) and the nation's leading biannual bible of masculine luxury (erm, it's on the tip of our tongues...), *Esquire's The Big Watch Book* is just that. Well, it's not a book, it's a magazine, but otherwise it's just that: a big and beautiful annual guide to the very best watches on the market that also goes behind the scenes of the industry to tell the stories of the timepieces that matter. Your wrist won't be well-dressed without it.

£6, out 17 October



Described by its makers as "quite simply the sexiest Rolls-Royce yet", the brand-new Dawn is, again according to its creators, "the world's only true modern super-luxury drophead." In other words: four seats (none of them compromised on space or comfort), an open top, and the most sybaritic ride imaginable.

Petrolheads will already know that this is not the first Dawn. It is in fact designed in homage to the Rolls-Royce Silver Dawn drophead, which was unveiled in 1952. Like that car, the new Dawn is elegant and refined – and incredibly quiet, even with the top down – but it's also powered by a twin-turbo 6.6-litre V12 engine. So it's safe to say it shifts a bit, too.

—
£TBA; rolls-roycemotorcars.com

Photograph by Sam Hofman

42

A spin in the new Rolls-Royce Dawn

A chorus of approval





43

Frank Auerbach at Tate Britain
London on canvas

Indisputably one of our greatest living artists, octogenarian Auerbach is also the pre-eminent painter of London – its people and their environment – of the 20th century. Often spoken of alongside his contemporaries Francis Bacon and Lucien Freud, Auerbach is rated every bit their equal. This autumn, make time to pay tribute to the master of Camden Town.

From 9 October at Tate Britain

44

A recipe from Spuntino
No cool kitchen is complete without it

Esquire's Reluctant Cook, Russell Norman, moonlights as the man behind some of London's most exciting and innovative restaurants: the Polpos, Polpetto, Mishkin's and Spuntino, his rough and ready New York diner on Rupert Street, in the throbbing heart of Soho. Following the success of his beautifully produced *Polpo* cookbook (winner of the 2012 Waterstones Book of the Year), Norman now brings us the equally gorgeous *Spuntino* book, subtitled *Comfort Food (New York Style)*, which pretty much nails it: superlative steak and eggs, a magnificent mac 'n' cheese and a salt beef slider that reduced the editor of this magazine to tears of gratitude when first he tasted it. Oh, and cocktails!

£25, out now (Bloomsbury)

45

A set of Quincy Jones AKG N90Q headphones
Celeb cans with cred

These days everyone from Justin Bieber to P Diddy has a headphones deal, Dr "Beats By" Dre being the most ubiquitous case in point. But have any of those artists worked with Frank Sinatra, Miles Davis, Michael Jackson and Sir Paul McCartney? We'll tell you now: they have not. Legendary producer Quincy Jones certainly has the chops to back up endorsing a set of cans this premium. The latest in his signature line are about as high-end and hi-tech as headphones can get. Featuring new technology called TruNote, they use two microphones in each ear cup to tailor music to your environment. And they come in a gold box. (At this price, you'd hope so.)

£1,500; akg.com



46

SanDisk Connect Wireless Stick

Storage, unplugged

This is a USB stick you don't have to plug into your computer. Storing up to 128GB, you can wirelessly access your files or stream videos and music to any device. And a single charge will give you four hours' playback, enough to pack in a couple of movies. Neat.

—
128G, £80; 64G, £55; 32G, £35;
16G, £28; sandisk.com

47

Future TV – *Westworld*

HBO goes sci-fi

Described as "a dark odyssey about the dawn of artificial consciousness and the future of sin" and adapted from Michael Crichton's influential cult 1973 sci-fi/western, which starred Yul Brynner as a sharp-shooting robot, HBO's next appointment-TV series stars Sir Anthony Hopkins in his first regular telly role. As if the HBO-Hopkins-Crichton triple whammy wasn't enough to get sci-fi fans hyperventilating, it's being produced by JJ Abrams' company Bad Robot, to (cowboy) boot.

—
Airs early 2016

48

Reservations at Sexy Fish

The shape of fins to come

Dive into the new all-day brasserie from Richard Caring, the man behind the Ivy, Le Caprice, Scott's and more, and feel yourself being submerged into a giant (and very stylish) tank. Starchitect Frank Gehry has created fishy installations, and the walls are lined by full-height, full-width tropical tanks. The interior alone cost a rumoured £12m, while the menu promises classy pan-Asian food with a focus on (no prizes!) fish and shellfish. The name is clearly designed to provoke and the logo, a giant blue neon shark complete with "sexy" red lips, is hard to beat. Set to be the see-and-be-seen restaurant of the season.

—
4–6 Berkeley Square, London,
W1J 6BR; caprice-holdings.co.uk

49

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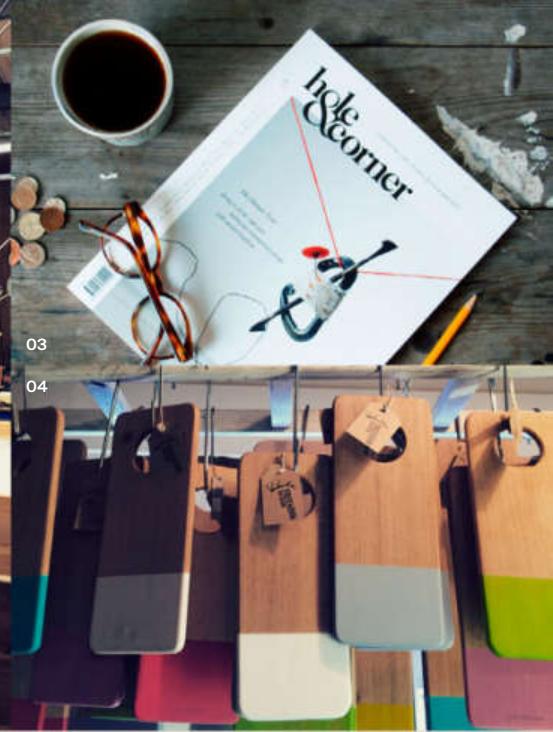
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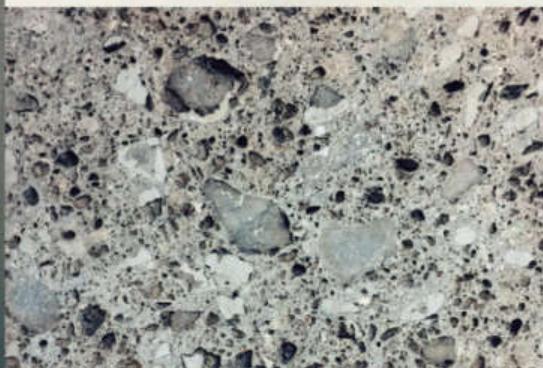
Knit your own lifestyle



Hipsterism's fascination with all things handmade is no longer just about the beard, the lumberjack shirt, the craft beer and the artisanal coffee. Now, entire lives (or at least lifestyles) are being transformed, from shiny metropolitan to rough-hewn rural. Spurious affectation or valid response to the mass-produced emptiness of consumer culture? Richard Benson investigates



1 Fleet Foxes. 2, 3, 4, 7, 11 The craft life as seen through Hole & Corner's Instagrams.
5 Port Eliot Festival. 6 Ray Mears. 8 Sunspel T-shirts.
9 Forge & Co. 10 Soho Farmhouse.
12 Matt Sewell illustration.
13 Mark Hooper Instagram. 14 Grizzly Bear.
15 Sunspel. 16 Tracey Neuls's shop.
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18 Fernandez & Wells artisan coffee. 19 Forge & Co.
20 Katherine May textiles. 21 SpoonFest. 22 Albam.



LAST SUMMER, at the music and arts show Festival No 6, held in Portmeirion in Wales, I decided to take a break from the crowds by following a path that led off into woodland. According to the map, there were a few independent trading stalls there, so I was expecting relative calm. Instead, I found a clearing in which kids in plaid shirts and Breton tops were swaying around to slightly psychedelic, prog-rock-ish music (early Hendrix, something that sounded like Pentangle) being played in a DJ set by Andy Weatherall and, further on, a queue of similarly dressed people, each carrying a single item of clothing — primarily, pants.

"You can get your clothes dyed!" a bloke clutching a V-neck T-shirt told me. "With woad! There's some woman down there who does it with all-natural, homemade dyes, apparently."

The woman he mentioned turned out to be twentysomething textilemaker Katherine May, one of several craftspeople demonstrating their work beneath a large canvas canopy. (Technically, her dye is made from the indigo plant *indigofera tinctoria* rather than the similar *isatas tinctoria*, which is the true woad plant; people seemed to enjoy hearing about this). St Etienne's Pete Wiggs was DJing. Other crafters included a traditional clog-maker and a man who turned wooden bowls using a foot-powered pole lathe. All were surrounded by admiring festival-goers — hipsters, women in wellies and dresses, style-conscious men with beards — and the bowl-maker had to keep asking them to stop touching his woodworking tools. "Pack it in!" he shouted exasperatedly at a man reaching over to touch a knife. "I'm using those."

"I'm really sorry," replied the man.

The tent was curated by *Hole & Corner*, a new quarterly magazine produced in London and Dorset by journalist Mark Hooper and art director Sam Walton. Aimed at readers "for whom content is more important than style", *Hole & Corner* "celebrates craft, beauty, passion and skill". It has recently received attention from national newspapers and, alongside titles such as *Kinfolk*, it heads a new genre of publications combining the rich visuals of style magazines with what you might call more thoughtful content.

Anyone can see that craft's time has come. In Britain in 2015, you cannot move for people whose once-resolutely urban, style-conscious and modernist tastes have gone subtly country. They are visiting Soho Farmhouse, a rural outpost of the Soho House chain, and renting desks at Forge & Co, the East London co-working space inspired by William Morris and John Ruskin, which has just acquired a base in

the iconic West End furniture store Heals. Some are listening to Mumford & Sons, others are watching Grayson Perry reinvent pot throwing and tapestry, and/or reading James Rebanks's *The Shepherd's Life*, and/or wearing clothes with an artisanal element to their manufacture (from boutiques such as Albam and Sunspel), and/or drinking ale from a microbrewery (one opening every other day, while 20 pubs a week close).

It's possible that they are fantasising about Bear Grylls and Ray Mears, but it's more likely they're just instagramming artful pictures of country sunsets or their new home cider press. At some point in the past couple of years, it became quite acceptable to discuss wildlife and rural pursuits. A few months back, the editor of this magazine attended a lavish, metropolitan dinner hosted by an international menswear label in London. Did the guests on his table talk about style trends or celebrities? No. They talked about *Springwatch*.

However as all this passes into the mainstream, a purist, competitive element is creeping in. One profusely bearded craft-beer enthusiast I spoke to told me that "no one who really knows about beer would ever give the time of day to a brewery that prints fucking designs on its bottle tops — anything other than plain metal sends out all the wrong signals." Microbreweries? You need to be doing homebrew, mate (sales of equipment having trebled since 2012). Home-made jam? You really ought to be using honey from your own hives ("backyard beekeeping" is now a thing).

But how far could you go? Your artisanal sourdough loaves and hand-stitched shoes are all very well, but could you get into the lumberjack workout, which involves exercising with axes and chucking logs around? Or would you visit Darn It!, an occasional Sunday afternoon session at The Grafton pub in London's Kentish Town, where men are encouraged to sew and darn clothes while drinking craft ales? "A real man isn't afraid to explore original ideas or express his nurturing side," says Darn It! organiser Stephen Evans; you have to agree with that, but are we ready for his other projects such as "nettle workshops"?

To explore the various stages of craft-readiness among British men, I first went to visit Soho Farmhouse, near Great Tew in Oxfordshire. It's a private members'

club oriented towards the arts, media and creative industries, offering a high-end version of stripped-down country life. It comprises 40 Scandi-style wooden cabins (plus a cottage and a farmhouse) arranged in 100 acres of land around a farmyard with stables, spa, shop, a bar and restaurant that uses produce grown in the gardens, and two vintage tractors for decoration.

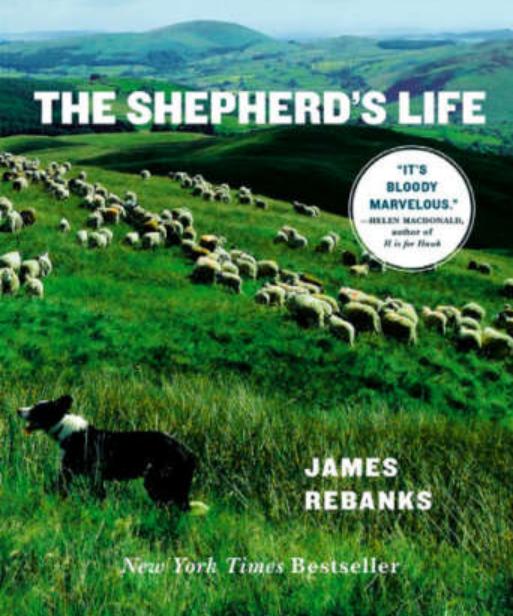
Guests are taken from the gatehouse to the cabins by horse-drawn carriage fitted with a scoop-like thing that catches horse shit before it hits the ground. Once in the living room, they'll find a copy of *Cabins*, a Taschen coffee-table book, featuring quotes from Henry David Thoreau, and the following intro: "When excess and luxury are the driving forces of some societies, more and more people feel the need to scale down to an absolute minimum, to live opposite the rising sun or to hear the sound of nature every day."

To assure you that you're scaling down, the cabins have a handy and attractive set of utilitarian necessities, such as twine and lanterns. Club activities include lampshade-making, cocktail masterclasses using farm-grown ingredients and a pop-up astronomy club; the staff will proudly show you the restored water wheel, which is powered by a cascade of electrically pumped water.

I went to a Wilderness Wind Down drinks-and-barbecue session for people decompressing from the Wilderness Festival, and saw Elisabeth Murdoch having a drink while Nick Mulvey played in the bar. It's all easy to take the piss out of, given that Soho Farmhouse membership costs £1,200 a year and a wedding there will set you back £65,000. But you can't ignore the fact that it also tells you a lot about modern luxury.

Nowadays, a large section of the wealthy are embarrassed by old-fashioned, City-boy, conspicuous consumption; rather than hanging out at a Mayfair club and paying £100 for a drink with a sparkler in it, they go to those Shoreditch emporia that launder splashed cash into contemporary good taste — £100 on Mast Brothers Chocolate, £200 on a pair of Tracey Neuls trainers, £5,000 on a bespoke bicycle. With ostentation out of fashion, simplicity commands a premium and roughing it, or the outward appearance of roughing it (one doubts that anyone's going to actually use all that twine), becomes a status symbol. It's why we live in an age

"You can get your clothes dyed!" a bloke told me. "With woad! There's a woman who does it with all-natural, homemade dyes, apparently"



JAMES
REBANKS

New York Times Bestseller



Clockwise from top left:
The Shepherd's Life,
by James Rebanks;
Wilderness Festival,
Cornbury Park,
Oxfordshire; Port Eliot
Festival, St Germans,
Cornwall; clogmaker
Jeremy Atkinson's
workshop, Kington,
Herefordshire; Port Eliot
Festival; craft scene
heroes Mumford & Sons

of bespoke Land Rovers, Yurtels, £300 wellies and lampshade workshops.

"We've found that anything that people can get involved in is always popular," says Hole & Corner's Mark Hooper. "Anything that shows a bit of creativity or produces something unique. It's a natural reaction to the over-homogenisation of the high street, where everything claims to be exclusive but it all comes from the same template."



I WANTED SOMEWHERE WITH more "realness" than Soho Farmhouse, so I headed for SpoonFest, "the international celebration of the carved wooden spoon". The weekend gathering is held in Edale, in Derbyshire's Hope Valley, and run by Robin Wood, who turns out to be the bowl-turner from Festival No 6 and former chair of the Heritage Crafts Association. It comprises spoon-carving classes in tents, with campfire singing in the evening. ("People come for the lovely vibe more than anything else," said Robin. "And for the love of spoons.")

Spoon-carving suits the new crafts movement, because it involves what's called "green woodwork" — carving freshly cut or fallen wood — which can be done with simple tools. Conventional woodwork, using kiln-dried wood, tends to need a workshop and machine tools, which, as Robin said, "is a cost and space barrier, meaning you tend to find older men doing it."

When he started SpoonFest several years ago, he thought they'd get a few "Ray Mears types", but he was surprised by the uptake among a "younger, urban crowd". I wouldn't want to exaggerate this — in reality, their ages range between 20 and 80 — but there's a noticeable contingent who would look equally at home in the bars of nearby Sheffield and Manchester. I asked Sean, 33, a graphic designer from Leeds visiting for the second time, if he was there for the love of spoons.

"Yes, actually," he said. "Obviously, it's quite a strange thing to do, but I'd been interested in doing something different, and the thing with this is, you can learn it really quickly, so you get to take something home that you can use. That's quite cool." He showed me a spoon he'd carved from rowan wood ("everyone's quite excited about the rowan; they don't often get it, apparently").

And the vibe? "Definitely. The obvious thing to say is, everyone interacts through computer and phone screens, and they crave something real, blah blah. I'm sure there's something in that, but also you make a connection with people. You can't beat having a sing-song around a campfire with some old bloke on a banjo, can you?" >



MUMFORD & SONS
—BABEL—

In the firelight, as a guy played guitar and sang “Quite Early Morning”, Robin Wood told me he’d been involved in the organic-farming movement before it became mainstream, and he thought that people were now beginning to think the same way about “objects with a story and provenance”.

“Every commodity is devalued now because there is just so much disposable stuff,” he said. “People want objects built with a sense of design, not something made to be landfill in six months’ time.”

But if you’ve been working with wood for 30 years, doesn’t it annoy you when trendies just want to do crafts for a weekend or hang out with you because they’ve decided you’re cool? Jeremy Atkinson, the clog-maker from No 6, had told me earlier he appreciated the interest, but was “sick of people standing looking at me and telling me I’m amazing. Just a different word would be nice.”

“Good God, no,” said Robin. “I don’t like it when the vocabulary of craft is used to market factory-made things, but if making something has a cathartic effect for someone or fulfills a need, then it doesn’t matter. People have a pressing need to create. I think making objects with the raw materials is what makes us human.”

He’s a persuasive man, and I’m suddenly filled with the urge to carve a kitchen utensil.

“Can you really learn to make a spoon in a day?” I ask.

“Well...” he hesitates. Earlier in the day, he’d seen my first efforts, and I am no Ray Mears. “Certainly a cooking spoon, yes.”



HOW DID WE END UP IN THIS HOMESPUN, 21st-century rerun of *The Good Life*? Modern consumerist excess undoubtedly has something to do with it, as do ecology and global political and financial uncertainty. In such precarious times, concerns about cost tend to elide with a nostalgia for what seem to be simpler, past pleasures. Similar anxieties fuelled the Seventies’ rural revival that gave us *The Good Life* on TV and bands getting it together in the country.

It could be argued that the current rerun has its roots in the mid-Noughties, when what the critic Mark Greif called “green” or “primitive” hipsters seemed to react against the aggressive jingoism of the Iraq War by adopting clothes and music that invoked a pastoral and outdated tech redolent of a sort of childish simplicity: Pitchfork, Etsy, Fleet Foxes/Grizzly Bear/Animal Collective, Matt Sewell bird prints, ironic wolf T-shirts, boys in brogues, tweed and beards, girls in wellingtons and floral tea dresses, an interest in organic and local food. No one actually said so, but the style

looked to the rural for realness; after all, the interesting areas of cities were being colonised by coffee chains and branches of Gap, and everyone felt guilty for spending too much time online.

Boys’ Own co-founder Cymon Eckel, who now owns Forge & Co, believes it dates back even further. “I think it started with the fashion for single-speed bikes. In 2000 and 2001, I ran a traditional, old-blocks-pub-type bar in Shoreditch, and I noticed all the guys with those bikes coming in, and instead of lager they were drinking ales, like Old Speckled Hen. This was long before craft beers — and it’s been uninterrupted ever since. It’s the idea of stripping things back to what feels properly necessary and real. But people also want to connect with each other away from all the rubbish, that’s why I set up the co-working space.”

Of course, the ultimate “realness” would lie in rejecting modern urban life altogether to become a craftsman. There can be few men who have not sat through pointless meetings and thought, “Christ, how long would it take to retrain as a carpenter/fisherman/organic pig farmer?” but will that now actually begin to happen? Could we? Should we?

Until 2008, Ben Short was a creative director of an offshoot agency of M&C Saatchi advertising, producing campaigns for the likes of Sony PlayStation. He got frustrated, then depressed and finally he did it: he bailed. After spells working for the National Trust and being apprenticed to a woodsman, he set up as a charcoal burner and hedge-layer (“I’m a semi-skilled labourer, not really a craftsman”) in Dorset. Now he lives with his dog Clanger in a flat in a rambling old house in a village, drives a battered Land Rover Defender, and makes between £400 and £500 a week.

I went down to see him, and he drove me out to the woods to look at his charcoal kiln and to see a hedge he laid last winter. The hedge was incredible — all interwoven branches, like something out of Rivendell.

“It’s hard work, but it feels healthy, and I couldn’t go back to my old life in the city,” he said, throwing a stick for the dog. “I notice more things now. If you’re tuned into the modern world, you don’t see things so well, because your antennae are a bit blunted. Also, it’s pleasing how the seasons dovetail. I lay the hedges in the winter, and a lot of the wood I cut out from them I burn for charcoal in the summer.”

Obviously, this sounds great. Standing there in the wilds, while a tousled, contented countryman scratches his dog’s ears and shows me the differences between types of wood would make any city man yearn to be more at one with the natural environment.

Then again, I grew up in the countryside — as did Ben — and I know that I prefer the variety of life you get in cities. Doesn’t he get, well, bored?

“When it rains day in, day out in the winter and you’re working outside, it tests you. Working on your own you can feel isolated, and there can be a certain amount of small-mindedness, though I don’t experience that myself. I drink in the local pub, I ring the church bells with the farm labourers, I talk to the incomers who have downsized, and I like it here. And I still love the smell of wood smoke.”

I listen with genuine admiration and interest as he shows me how to burn wood for charcoal in a kiln, and I feel the appeal of a life producing real, physical things rather than using a computer screen. On the other hand, a) I think I might be more into the Land Rover than the actual work, and b) a part of my brain is thinking, “If I could get a photo of Clanger standing on that log, it would look really good on Instagram.”

I do, however, feel good taking a bag of Ben’s charcoal back home, because it feels great to use something made by someone you’ve actually talked to about making it.

That’s the interesting thing about the new Good Lifers. As Sean, the designer from Leeds, said, the obvious conclusion is that the virtual, digital generation is craving the analogue. That might be true, but most of those I met talk about how much they enjoy interacting with people as they make and do and show and tell. In the end, it’s simply a more interesting version of chatting to that bloke in the pub you don’t really know, as you’re both watching the football.

So, what of the fashionable craft fetishists, with their indigo pants and homemade food and tool obsessions? Obviously, they can sometimes come across as self-parodies, but surely most of us feel the pull of the movement towards doing things with more integrity and substance. And because that requires proper commitment, it won’t be a fleeting trend. The only question is of scale.

For the dedicated, that probably means more extremity and ambition, more pub-based darning and nettle workshops and perhaps even hedge-laying. At *Hole & Corner*’s tent at Port Eliot Festival this year, people could participate in the building of entire wooden sheds and art structures; I watched a man in skinny jeans and Wayfarers make what looked like a woven wattle wall. For the rest of us, I think the occasional, small-scale experience will be filling more and more of a need, and Robin Wood may well have it nailed.

Gentlemen, I have seen the future, and it is spoon-shaped. ☐

How craft are you?

1

You will need a pen or pencil to circle your answers, so what utensil would you be most likely to choose to do this from the following:

- a Rexel Blackedge carpenters pencil
- b Vintage Yard-O-Led propelling pencil
- c Montblanc Meisterstück Red Gold Classique fountain pen
- d Anything! Does it really matter, ffs?

2



And upon what are you most likely to be seated?

- a Basic wooden stool, made by yourself
- b Sebastian Cox and Lorna Singleton oak swill stool
- c Ercol Chiltern bench
- d Um, an Eames Lounge Chair?

3

Now, imagine you are in a pub. Which of the following would you be most likely to do:

- a Play an invigorating game of Hammer-schlagen
- b Darn your socks
- c Compare tasting notes on fashionable craft ale brands
- d Play pool?

4

And what's your poison?

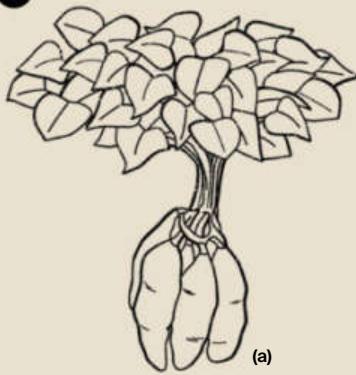
- a Your own home-brewed cider made from foraged crab apples
- b Minimally labelled small-batch craft ale made by some bloke in his garage in Wales
- c The Kernel Pale Ale Cascade Chinook Citra
- d Grolsch, Stella, whatever they've got really.

5

Someone enquires if you like green woodwork. Are they asking about:

- a A form of woodwork using freshly fallen wood
- b Some new thing someone's brought over from Brooklyn
- c A new private-members' club with hand-made furniture and fittings throughout – sounds amazing
- d Your sexual preferences?

6



Which is most likely to feature among your cultural highlights of autumn 2015?

- a Pickling the root veg from my allotment
- b Taking up a challenging new hobby involving insects or animals
- c Decanting homemade sloe gin into vintage industrial, glass-stoppered bottles to make an interesting drink for guests on New Year's Eve
- d Watching Champions League matches with mates in the pub.

7

Autumnwatch is

- a A bit too cute and anthropocentric
- b Strangely comforting
- c Something you weirdly end up talking to friends about on Twitter
- d For grandmas.

8

Where would you most like to stay on a rural mini-break?

- a Wild camping, ideally in the far north of Scotland
- b At a festival, in a Yurtel yurt
- c Soho Farmhouse
- d Cliveden.

9

Which choice best describes your view of wooden spoons?

- a Useful entry point to wood carving
- b They have a certain simple beauty when you think about it
- c Mmm, the Hatchet + Bear Walnut Stoveside looks lovely next to the Lacanche range cooker
- d Is this another sex question? I thought this was about craft.

10



What is the closest thing to handmade clogs you would be likely to wear?

- a I would be delighted to wear handmade clogs, ideally made by Jeremy Atkinson in Herefordshire
- b Nature Sko boots
- c Grenson brogues
- d OK, now this is getting ridiculous and I do not wish to answer any more questions.

How did you do?

Mostly As

Well done – you are very craft, and thanks to a cultural trend you have possibly gone from being a former outdoor pursuits sportbilly/nerd to one of the coolest men in Britain. Just be careful to keep a sense of perspective, or you may end up morris dancing and inventing your own pagan festival.

Mostly Bs

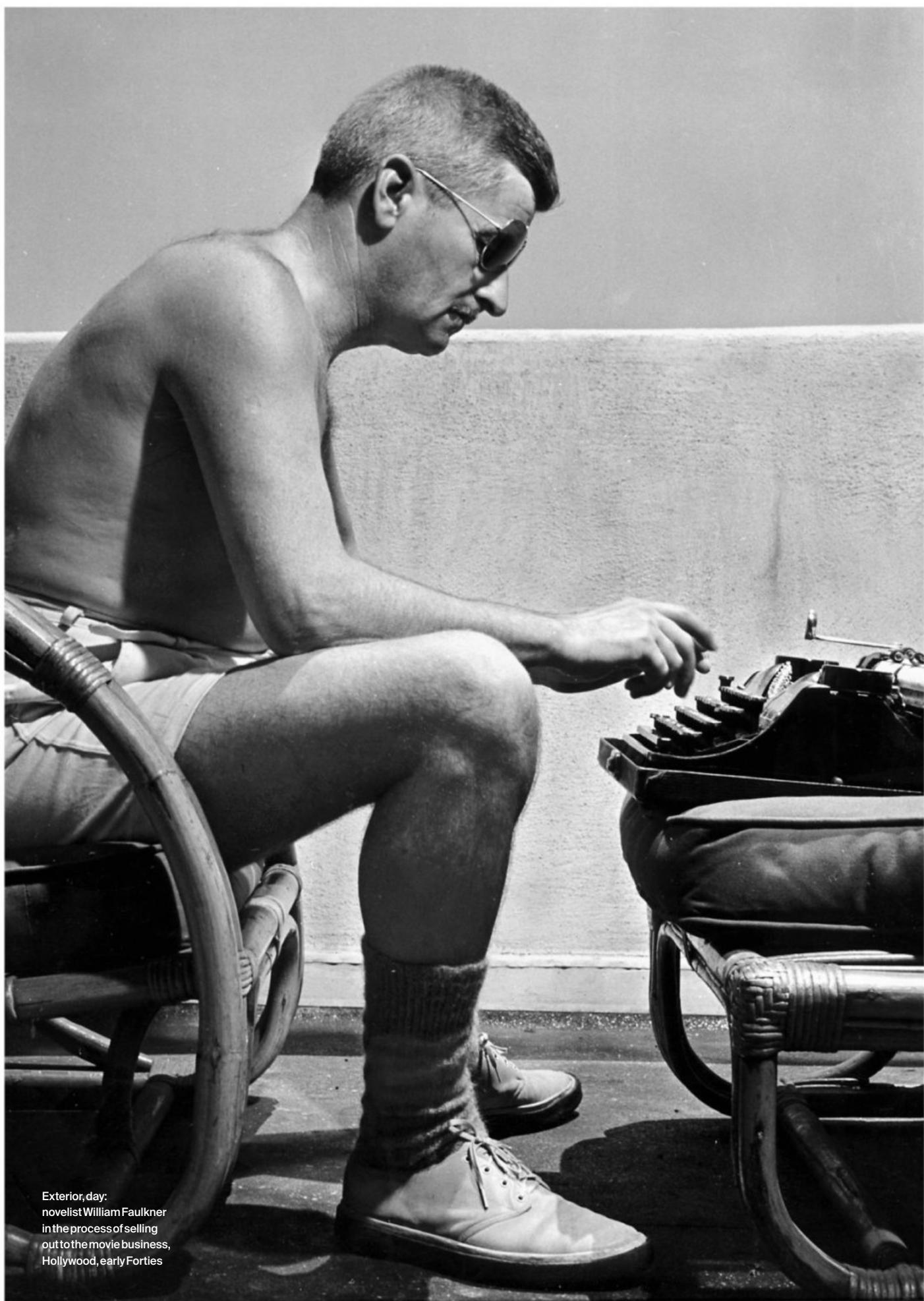
You are fully craft, but need to take care if you want to keep up. While yours is a respectable performance, you're a bit 2014 on the evidence here. The artisanal game is moving on fast, and credibility cannot exist on Clarks Originals and 30oz raw denim alone.

Mostly Cs

You are adequately craft, but a bit stuck in the Noughties. Try to think a little more about authenticity, for in 2016, style will be all about the horny hand rather than the handmade glove. Also, consider greater physical activity, perhaps an allotment – but don't fret about getting one in the right postcode.

Mostly Ds

You are not craft at all. You think craft ale tastes of weeds and that granola sounds like a radio station for the over-65s. Well, integrity matters, and as long as you don't start baking your own bread to keep up appearances, you'll retain yours. Stay as you are, and hope fashion comes round to you.



Exterior, day:
novelist William Faulkner
in the process of selling
out to the movie business,
Hollywood, early Forties

John Niven is the author of the scabrous music industry satire, *Kill Your Friends*. He's also a screenwriter for hire. As the film adaptation of his novel is prepared for release, he recalls less happy Hollywood collaborations, like the time his comedy road movie was relocated to Serbia for tax reasons, or the one when a famous actor decided to spice up a horror script by inserting sex with dead people...

“So, basically, you’re suggesting we open the movie with a flashback to a necrophiliac gangbang?”

“So, you land in Germany, or wherever, and the PR meets you at the airport and you get the courtesy car into town, where you sit on the hotel balcony, smoking, and you do the interviews, saying the same things over and over and the only thing that changes is the type of recording device: iPhone, Dictaphone, MP3 player. So you...”

I'd thought of opening this piece about film-making and film promotion with a Jay McInerney-esque account of a recent trip to the Fantasy Film Festival in Berlin, for the European premiere of a movie I've written. For what the second person narration gives you, in a literary sense, is a cold ennui, detachment — a sense of the relentless depersonalisation that working in Hollywood and promoting a movie around the world often entails. (That punishing chain of “ands” in the opening paragraph, interspersed with a few “ifs” and “buts”, actually feels very much like the development part of the movie-making process.) But, when it comes to *Kill Your Friends*, the movie of my first novel, out this November starring Nicholas Hoult, it doesn't feel that way at all. There's no ennui. I feel extremely attached. This time, and excuse me for this, it's personal.

It doesn't always feel like this. Martin Amis said that the hack and the whore have much in common, “The late nights, the forced jollity... you have to keep on doing it

even when you don't feel like it.” You could easily add the jobbing screenwriter to this list. And, reader, I've done it for the money.

“Hey, how about this? OK, OK.” The actor stands up.

Hollywood, early summer 2012: we're in a meeting room at a production company's office in Santa Monica. There's me and my screenwriting partner Nick and the producer and a fairly well-known actor. Nick and I are spending a few months “out there”, living in the Hollywood Hills, working on a screenplay and taking meetings, playing golf and driving about in our rental car and doing the whole British-screenwriters-putting-it-about-in-LA thing. Anyway, back to that room. We're “spitballing” as they say out there, throwing around story ideas for a horror movie they're thinking about hiring us to write. We're trying to come up with a revenge motivation for the killer.

“So maybe his, like, his girlfriend?” the actor says. “Maybe she got raped by these guys back in the day?” He looks at us.

“OK,” we say. “Maybe.” (It is important to remember that there are no bad ideas at the spitballing stage. In theory, you are in a safe place where you can throw out any notion no matter how ludicrous. What, you think no one fought a snigger when the guy jumped up and said, “I'VE GOT IT — THE SHARK JUMPS UP ON THE BOAT AND BREAKS IT IN HALF!”)

“No, no — it's worse than that,” the actor says, getting into it now, “they... they fucked her to death.” Nick and I look at each other. “Ah,” one of us says, “they had, umm, sex with her until she died?” One of us would have had a notebook. We probably wrote this down.

“Yeah. No. Wait, wait, how about this. How about this — they're fucking her and she's dead. But they don't know it. And they're still fucking her.”

“Umm,” I say. “So, basically, you're suggesting we open the movie with a flashback to a necrophiliac gangbang?”

I have to confess incredulity is openly having a party on my face now.

There's a pause. He grins and spreads his hands. “Hey,” the actor says. “What am I? A writer?”

William Goldman famously wrote that if you just wrote screenplays for a living then he might well covet your bank balance, but he wouldn't give you two bits for your soul. Goldman also wrote novels (*Marathon Man*, *Magic*) and felt that they were a place where he could play God with no intrusion or committee meetings. For making movies is the ultimate form of art by committee. Like Goldman I do both. I write novels on my own and screenplays with Nick. (More recently branching out to write with others. I'm currently collaborating with Caitlin Moran on the screenplay for the movie

of her novel *How to Build a Girl*. Sadly, Cat is barkingly sane and we've yet to have our "how about a necrophiliac gangbang?" moment.) We've been doing this together for 10 years now. In fact, we wrote two screenplays together before I wrote *Kill Your Friends*. The second screenplay we wrote was optioned and very nearly went into production before the financing fell apart at the last moment. The third screenplay we wrote together, a comic road movie, was made into a \$13m action film in 2009. (I'm not going to tell you the title of it or who was in it because it wasn't a very good film and I don't want to badmouth something I got paid handsomely for. After you take the money, you kind of have to shut your mouth.)

We're obviously not at any stage of the game where Joss Whedon or JJ Abrams are looking over their shoulders, but we're not totally chopped liver either, again as they say out there. We have management in LA. We had a movie made, which moves you up a whole level, even when the results are appalling. (After the — disastrous — opening of the action movie we wrote, we asked our manager to get us a bunch of meetings, figuring we'd better get our next job soon, before anyone saw the movie. In one of these meetings a producer said to us, "Hey, you wrote a great script and the director fucked you. Happens every week out here.") We do rewrites and polishes on other people's work. Being a novelist is the day job, it's pretty much what I get up every morning and do, it's what I feel married to. Screenwriting is the mistress.

Why have the mistress when it causes you such untold pain and grief? Well, as novelists from Faulkner on down have known, there's the money for one thing. The publishing industry is not, it is fair to say, in the most robust shape it's ever been in. For a non-genre novel, hardback sales anywhere over the 10,000 mark are considered incredibly healthy these days. A UK advance for a novel of between 30 and 50 grand is considered pretty good going. In LA, you'd get that for spending three weeks "polishing" someone else's dialogue. As opposed to anywhere between a year and three years of your life writing a book. And some other kind soul would already have done all the heavy lifting — they'd have created characters and a storyline and all that other stuff that takes a lot of time. But there is another, loftier, reason.

In our action film, the one that was such a howling, screeching turkey, there was one scene, just one, that made it onto the screen pretty much intact. That was played just as we'd intended it to be. I can still remember the collective laughter and gasp of the 300 or so people in the theatre, the laughter of

hundreds of people experiencing the same thing at the same time. I remember Nick and me looking at each other and going, "Wow." And you'll never get that from writing a novel.

WHEN THE SPEC SCRIPT FOR OUR COMEDY road movie was being sold, when we were being romanced, we were told how much they (producer and director) loved it. How they weren't going to change a thing. (This is all the Hollywood equivalent of "I won't come in your mouth/the cheque's in the post/we'll sort it out in the edit.") Then, after the deal was done, the notes started, some of them big enough to raise an eyebrow. Then an interesting phone call.

"Yeah, hi guys. We want you to take

like 30 on the screen. We tried to explain that it didn't matter if it looked like \$300m — if the movie didn't make any sense, who was going to give a shit? We were shouted down and reminded that contractually we owed them another draft. We got on with it, doing work that we knew was damaging our work.

Fast-forward 18 months and Nick and I are sitting in the back row of the Arc Light cinema off Hollywood Boulevard for the premiere. It is the first time we will have seen a frame of the film. There have been several rewrites of the script by other people. We've heard of much "improvising" on set. The lights go down.

WELL, I'VE ENDURED WORSE TIMES. But not many, and none that didn't involve den-

"Now, when I see a terrible film, a coughing, spluttering, cinematic turkey spraying filth all over the screen, my reaction is one of tender sympathy. Because I know how hard it is to get the thing made at all"

another pass at the script and this time we're going to set the movie in Serbia."

"Excuse me?" The movie we'd written was set on the Eastern seaboard of the US.

"Serbia."

"You mean you're going to shoot some exteriors there? Have them double for the United States?"

"No. We're setting the movie in Serbia now."

"But you still want all the central characters to be American?" The enormous ramifications of this began to hit us.

"Yeah."

"But why are they all in Serbia? They go and visit someone's mum at one point. What's she doing there?"

"Hey, you're the writers. Figure it out."

What had happened was that they got some huge tax break to set the movie there. The \$13m budget would, we were told, look

tists or doctors. After 30 minutes, I was saying to Nick, "Who's that? Where are they going? Why are they doing that?" I had no idea what was going on and I'd written the movie. (There it was on the credits: WRITTEN BY NICK BALL AND JOHN NIVEN.) If you'd wandered in off the street you'd have thought that you were watching a cross between *Memento* and *Jacob's Ladder*. And you'd just double-dropped some powerful microdots.

We stumbled out into the hot LA night afterwards. I wandered up and down numb. Nick later said I looked exactly like Ned Beatty in *Deliverance* when he stumbles back into shot having just been raped: jaw dangling, eyes vacantly horrified. Which was exactly how I felt. "Peter," I said to one of our managers. "You're an old school Hollywood guy. You must have seen this kind of thing happen before."

"Oh yeah," Peter said. "I have. But this..." he sighed. "This is extreme."

Just the words you want to hear after the premiere of your own film.

NOWADAYS, WHEN I SEE A TERRIBLE FILM, when I see a coughing, spluttering cinematic turkey spraying filth all over the screen, my reaction is one of tender sympathy, of affection. Because I know how incredibly hard it is to get the thing made at all. And I look at the writer's name, or names, at the bottom and feel great love for them. Because they didn't start out saying, "Hey, let's write a demented, incoherent mess that will make people want to throw ordure at the screen." They wanted to write *Chinatown*. *Taxi Driver*. *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* even. Eventually, a couple of

"generals" and "pitches" and the hours spent in the car, sweltering on the 101, or gridlocked Santa Monica Boulevard, I came to realise what I really love doing. I love writing. And if you're having three or four meetings around town in a day, that's a *lot* of time you're not writing. And if an executive says "yes" to one of your pitches, well, yeah, you'll get some money. But then you'll have to write an outline, then a treatment, then a first draft and then a second. And every one of these stages will be accompanied by, you guessed it, more notes and more meetings.

In our down time when we were in LA, Nick and I wrote a new spec script. Now, once you are a paid "pro" writer some managers and agents don't like you doing this: you should get the money upfront before starting work. But we did it because that's

the business in the first place. To hang out with "talent". To be a bit "creative". And this is why projects take three and five and 10 years to get done. Because everyone wants to hang out, being creative.

But let's return to Berlin, and the premiere of *Kill Your Friends*. The cinema is packed, standing room only. My spine is already pre-arched, already tensed, ready for the hell of watching something you have created with an audience. The action-movie-this-is-extreme experience is still very much fresh in my mind. And then it happens, just a couple of minutes in: laughter. Grateful, unforced, communal laughter.

There is more, much more. There is cheering, screaming and applause, too. It feels surreal as we sit there — writer, producers, director — among this German audience who

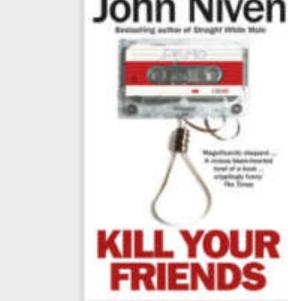


years later, I put much of this experience into my new novel, *Straight White Male*. At one point, Kennedy Marr, the novelist/screenwriter central character, reflects that: "Hollywood was a crapshoot. You put together a cast like Kevin Kline, Harvey Keitel, Rod Steiger, Susan Sarandon and Alan Rickman, an Oscar-winning screenwriter and a veteran producer like Norman Jewison and you got *The January Man* — an abortion that takes £4m at the box office. Alternatively, you put a rookie director together with a B-list cast and no shooting script and you got fucking *Jaws*."

I love LA, I really do. Sunshine, palm trees, the food is great. If you avoid rush hour or weekends — which, let's face it, being a screenwriter you can do — you can drive out to Malibu in 45 minutes and hit the beach. But, after a few months, after dozens and dozens of meetings, after all the

what we like doing. And now the script's getting some "traction". (Again, as they say "out there". I don't want you to think I habitually talk like this.) It's been optioned, a major producer and a great director are attached and they're looking for cast. And we had a lot of fun doing it. Just the two of us in a room, making each other laugh. No driving. No valet parking. No lunches or dinners and saying, "I see your point" or, "Great idea!" while listening to the most titanic wall of arse you have ever heard in your life.

It reminded me of a remark of Woody Allen's. He said something to the effect that, if you are a writer or a director all you want to do is the work. You want to make the film as painlessly and quickly as possible and move onto the next one. However, if you are an executive you *want* to have all the meetings. You want to have the lunches and dinners because that's why you go into



Kill Your Friends, John Niven's novel of an unscrupulous record label A&R man set at the height of Nineties' Britpop, has been made into a film starring Nicholas Hoult (centre, left) in the leading role

seem to love every twist and turn of the film, up to and including [main character] Stelfox describing a record as "the biggest insult to humanity since a roomful of Nazis chuckled over the blueprints for Auschwitz." It all feels, indeed, like the bit in Mel Brooks' *The Producers*, where Zero Mostel turns to Gene Wilder and says, "Where did we go right?"

This time, stumbling out of the theatre after the premiere, my expression is less Ned Beatty in *Deliverance* and more like another character from a post-gang-rape scene of recent cinema history. I look more like Bruce Willis after he escapes unscathed from the basement of his would-be hillbilly buggerers in *Pulp Fiction*. I'm grinning from ear to ear, hardly able to believe my luck as I gun my imaginary chopper off into the night, saying to myself, "Zed's dead, baby. Zed's dead..." ☺

Kill Your Friends is out on 6 November

What I've Learned
Ted Danson
Actor, 67



Interview by
Sanjiv Bhattacharya

Ted Danson as Sam Malone in *Cheers*, 1987

“It’s better if I don’t read about myself or see the movies I’m in. When I see myself reflected back, I become a judgmental dick. My day goes south”

CONSISTENCY IS NOT MY STRONG SUIT, so I've never been able to stick to a maxim or a motto. When I'm not near the maxim I love, I love the maxim I'm near.

THIRD TIME IS A CHARM, with marriage anyway: 20 years now. I truly believe that if I died today, I could say, “I got to experience heaven on Earth, that amazing energy that comes when you're both loving each other genuinely.” And that's because of my wife, Mary. It's true.

IT'S BETTER IF I DON'T READ ABOUT MYSELF or see the movies I'm in. Because when I see myself reflected back, I become a judgmental dick. My day goes south. Better to just have fun in the moment.

MY BACHELOR PARTY was a bunch of my male friends in a drumming circle sharing stories about relationships. So, don't ask me about the difference between the sexes. My hormone count is pretty suspect.

WOODY HARRELSON OFTEN ASKS ME, “Ted, why are you so fearful?” And I am. Woody goes leaping off cliffs. But I think, “Oh, I'd better go home... Oh, I'd better not do that.” I have probably missed out on so many experiences and people because of my fear.

MEN LISTEN TO FIND OUT what's expected of them, whereas women just listen. I think they get the circular nature of life better than we do. If something's wrong, they can allow it to circulate around, whereas we men are like, “No, no, I need to fix it.”

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, it's all about kindness and gratitude.

IT'S SO FUNNY WITH CHEERS because I was never a bar guy. And I was never a baseball guy. No idea. Sorry!

YOU ARE A TUBE FOR MONEY. You let it flow in the top and shoot through the tube. Don't panic and squeeze the bottom of the tube so that it stacks up, because then it will stop coming. Don't worry about money, worry about what it is you want to do, and it will come. I believe that. It will.

I ANNOUNCED I WAS VEGAN to great applause on *The Ellen DeGeneres Show*, and within days I had the bone of some animal in my mouth. So, I try not to make any declarations. I do believe in the god of ironies, though. Let's say I'm vegan until 4pm then all hell breaks loose.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU'VE MADE IT before you turn around and give back to the world. Behave as if you've made it now, at whatever level you can afford. The world needs it, you will feel better, and you are more likely to create that reality of having made it.

MY ILLEGAL DRUG OF CHOICE IS MARIJUANA, of course. I've never understood the desire to speed up. All I really want is to be a smidge stupider than I actually am. But who has the time? Marijuana is like golf — you need a good four hours. I'll be a pothead in my late Seventies. By then, I'll have earned it.

I THINK BECAUSE WOMEN GIVE BIRTH they can deal with a lot more pain and chaos.

ONE OF MY DEFINITIONS OF WEALTH is matching socks and new shoes. If I could walk into a closet that looked like Barneys that would be it for me. Man, am I rich!

MALE FRIENDSHIPS ARE WONDERFUL, relaxing — and beside the point. Because it's women who have the answers. So, I never go hang with the guys and have a beer. I love working with guys, like doing this interview, but when it's over, we're probably not going to a baseball game together.

I'VE ONLY BEEN TO PARIS maybe seven times, but no city makes me happier. I feel lucky when I'm there. Especially at Christmas.

THERE ARE SOME ABSOLUTE CRINGERS in my life. But the things that I'm embarrassed and ashamed about are what made me grow.

INVITING THE CLINTONS TO YOUR WEDDING is the perfect defence against paparazzi. Bill was President at the time, so everyone was frisked. There was no helicopter above getting photos because there was a frigate you could see from the house. We had Stinger missiles.

I MOAN ABOUT THE ACHES AND PAINS of growing older, but professional athletes play hurt all the time. This is just the professional athlete period of my life.

THE GOOD THING ABOUT DIVORCE is you're thrilled to discover you have two to three times more money than you actually have.

MY MOTHER CHOSE TO COME HOME TO DIE. Pneumonia. And I remember thinking all of my spiritual, philosophical thoughts and readings went flying out of the window. All I knew with certainty, is that I don't know, I have no idea. So the best I could come up with was, “just do your best in every moment”.

THIS IS SOMETHING I LEARNED from the Clintons. When someone shouts something in anger or criticism, you say, “Is there anything in there that's true?” If there is, OK, I can learn from that. If there isn't, that's about them, not me, and I can let it go. That's great advice.

I WAS A VERY SLOW LEARNER, and a very lucky man.

LIFE IS SO FULL OF SUFFERING and so full of joy. You get a huge menu of experiences that you can focus on. So find what keeps you light-hearted. Stay in that joyful spectrum in life.

IF YOU WALK INTO A HOTEL, either everyone is looking at you or you think they might be because they were in the past. So we have a home in Martha's Vineyard that's really private. It feels like you went to some wonderful hotel, but it's really just your home. That's luxury to me. That's what money buys us.

IN THE EIGHTIES, I was really splashily messed up. Or a work in progress. But the headlines were beside the point compared to the work I was doing on myself back then, trying to change direction. I thought, good, talk about that, because what I'm doing over here is way deeper. And way more private.

—
Fargo Season 2 starts on Channel 4 in October



Read more in our series of What I've Learned interviews at esquire.co.uk

Fashion

Gucci

Camel/multicoloured wool-cashmere jumper, £535; white cotton shirt, £225; light brown corduroy trousers, £405, all by Gucci at Mr Porter



Bread on page

Louis Vuitton

Camel wool coat,
£1,905; camel/black
wool-velvet jacket, £2,600;
white wool shirt, £545,
all by Louis Vuitton

Photographs by
Simon Lipman

Fashion by
Catherine Hayward

Camel, beige, sand, tan...

Whatever you choose to call it, it's menswear's colour of the moment



Topman

Camel suede jacket, £250;
blue denim flared jeans, £90,
both by Topman Design. Yellow
printed cotton T-shirt, £50;
off-white cotton roll-neck, £16,
white leather trainers, £65, all
by Topman

Fashion

Dior Homme

Camel wool coat, £2,300;
pale blue cotton shirt, £350;
blue denim slim jeans, £430;
white leather trainers,
£780, all by Dior Homme



Fashion



Gant

Camel suede-shearling jacket, £1,600; camel cotton roll-neck, £100, both by Gant. Blue denim flared jeans, £90, by Topman Design. White leather trainers, £65, by Topman

Ben Sherman

Camel wool duffel coat, £925;
beige wool jumper, £75;
pale blue cotton shirt, £55;
blue denim jeans, £75, all
by Ben Sherman



Fashion



Brioni

Camel wool chunky-knit
V-neck jumper, £1,170;
white cotton shirt with
collar pin, £380;
camel cashmere trousers,
£470, all by Brioni.
White leather trainers,
£80, by Lacoste



Burberry

Tan/brown/green
camouflage cotton
quilted jacket, £995,
by Burberry Prorsum.
White cotton T-shirt,
£75, by Burberry Brit

Holy smoke!

At 40, the most gifted actor of her generation
is also a feisty, free-spirited, no-nonsense mother
of three. And with three major new films
on the way, she's more in demand than ever

Interview by

Miranda Collinge

Photographs by

Alexi Lubomirski

Styling by

Julia von Boehm



Kate Winslet photographed for
Esquire, New York, August 2015

Black lace bodysuit by
Agent Provocateur.
Black leather shoes by
Christian Louboutin



Black lace bra;
black lace suspender
belt; black silk briefs,
all by La Perla. Black suede
shoes, by Manolo Blahnik

“I really hoped I might win the Oscar [in 2009], and I bloody did. It was the most glorious, fist-pumping, high-five, triumphant, all-consuming moment of my entire life. It was f*king amazing”**

THERE'S A WAY THAT ATTRACTIVE WOMEN enter men's magazine articles. They glide in on a cloud of gossamer silks, ambrosial perfume and peachy loveliness, causing waiters to drop their drinks trays, old ladies to lower their sunglasses and birds to fall out of their trees. Their beauty is so staggering that the writer fumbles to find the “record” button on his — and let's face it, it's a his — Dictaphone, while the female in question gives a delighted laugh like the peal of celestial church bells. Kate Winslet doesn't do that. Kate Winslet turns up at a café near her home on the English south coast with her husband and two of her three children, one of whom is strapped to her back. She's wearing jeans, a fleece, walking boots, and is chatting to the owner of the café, who really wants her to come and have a look at the refurb job he's just done in the toilets.

“Ooh, lovely,” says Winslet, once she's been in to inspect them. Her son Joe, 11, slumps on the sofa, while her husband Ned Rocknroll — whose surname you can find an explanation for elsewhere — buys coffee before briefing her on the latest potty-based activities of 18-month-old Bear. The reports of the latter elicit significantly more convincing enthusiasm in his wife than the new floor in the bogs. Because Kate Winslet, even though she's one of our greatest international exports, and has been working as much, if not more, than ever in an acting career that began over two decades ago, has a real life too.

This month, Winslet turns 40. In some ways it's a surprise that she's not older. Not because she looks it. She looks like what she is: a healthy, happy, 39-year-old woman with cupidinous lips, a Baroque beauty spot on her right cheek, expressive brows and soulful eyes with just the hint of crow's feet. A woman who's had three children and three husbands: director Jim Threapleton, with whom she had 14-year-old Mia; Sam Mendes, father of Joe, who directed her in *Revolutionary Road* and with whom she lived in New York for nine years; and Ned, Bear's dad, a former marketing executive at his uncle Richard Branson's company Virgin Galactic, whom she married in 2012 and to whom she remains happily so. A woman, in short, who is comfortable in her politely sun-weathered skin. It's a surprise she's not older because she's had such a long, distinguished career, and has been such a constant presence; a beacon of British quality in a sea of silicon Hollywood silliness. Really, it's a wonder she's not turning 60.

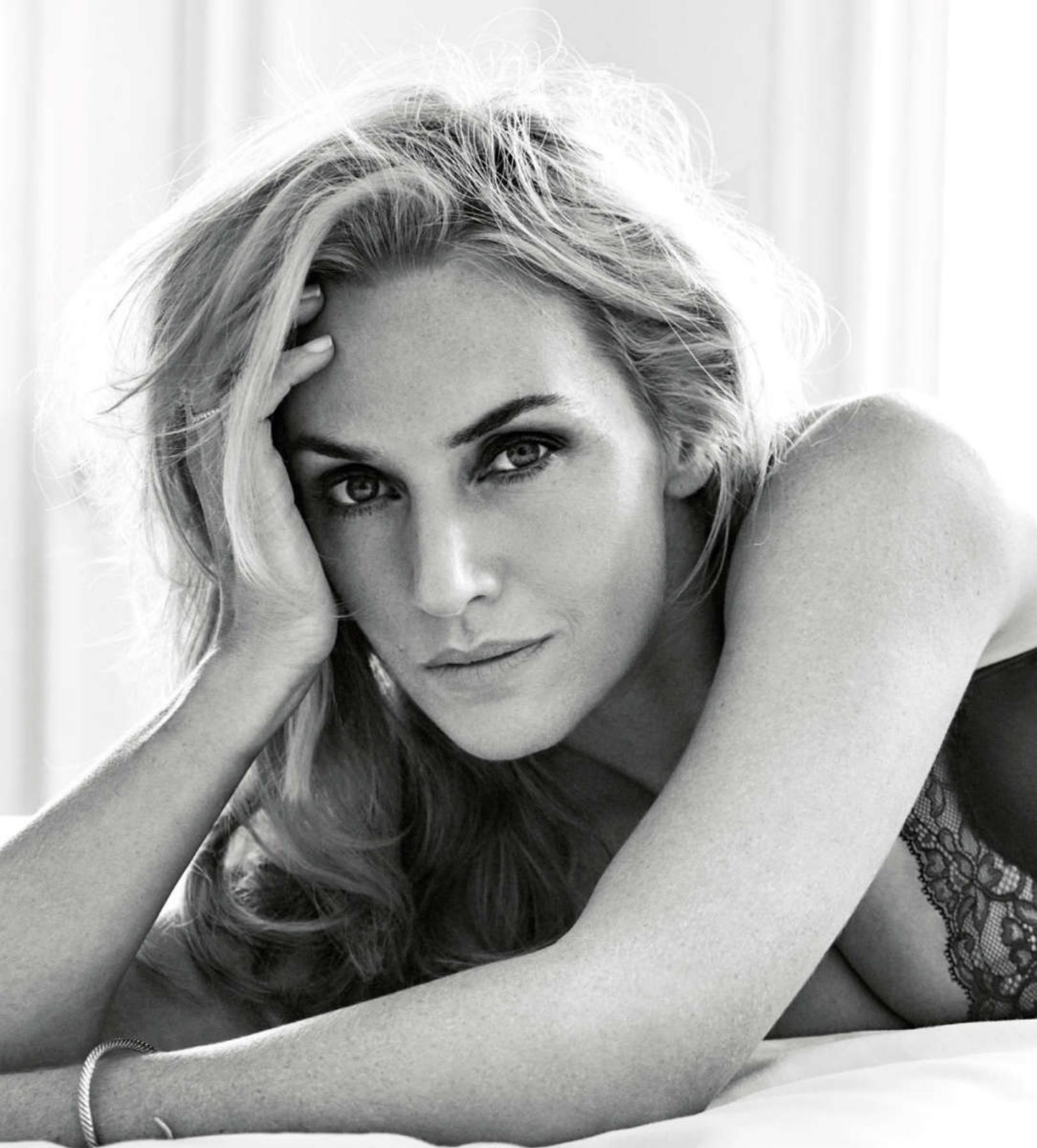
Winslet's real life began on 5 October, 1975, in Reading, the second of four children born to actors who worked other jobs to make ends meet. But her public life started, as far as most us are concerned, when she

was 17 and cast in Peter Jackson's *Heavenly Creatures* (1994) as a giddy, Sapphic murderer, a performance that earned critical oohs and sighs and forced the wider world to take note. Since then, her career has taken in, among many, many other projects: Kenneth Branagh's film adaptation of *Hamlet* (1996), in which she took the role of the hapless Ophelia; Michel Gondry's eccentric comedy *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (2004), where she surprised everyone as Jim Carrey's blue-haired ex-love; Stephen Daldry's moving drama *The Reader* (2008), in which she played a former Nazi camp guard, who starts a relationship with a 15-year-old boy and for which she won an Oscar, her sole win despite receiving a record five nominations by the time she was 31; and *Mildred Pierce*, the sumptuous 2011 HBO TV series, in which she played the titular beleaguered divorcee and for which she won an Emmy. Oh, and she also starred with Leonardo DiCaprio in what was, for over a decade, the most globally successful film ever made.

After Ned has taken the children home, and Winslet has jumped gamely into the passenger seat of my wheezing Vauxhall Corsa (before I have time to check my insurance covers me for “conveyance of A-list actors”), we drive to a nearby stretch of sand to borrow a beach hut owned by a family friend. She unbolts the doors and bangs around in the cupboard for something to eat, unearthing some hot chocolate granules in a tin. “Maybe they've gone off,” she says, only after having necked a large handful. Then, stretching out on the porch of the beach hut, looking out at the sea, she explains where she's at.

You can expect to see a lot of Winslet in the next few months. There's *The Dressmaker* out in November, a blackly comic drama, in which she plays a young Australian woman who returns to the tiny town — and mother — who made her childhood a misery. There's *Steve Jobs*, out the same month, directed by Danny Boyle from a screenplay by Aaron Sorkin. She plays Joanna Hoffman, the Polish-Armenian former head of marketing at Macintosh and one of the few women who had the ear of the founder, played by Michael Fassbender, with a supporting cast that includes Seth Rogen and Jeff Daniels. And then there's director John Hillcoat's *Triple Nine*, due next spring, in which she takes the role of, as she describes it, “a really demonic Russian-Israeli mafia moll”. For someone who has a reputation as a quintessential English rose, Winslet has an impressive track record of playing anything but.

And it turns out that during her more than two decades in the film industry,





Black satin/lace slip by
Agent Provocateur.
Gold serpent bracelet,
by Turner & Tatler

and her four decades on the planet, Winslet has had some thoughts. About acting, about family, about money, about fame, about love, about fun and about the ice-breaking effect of a well-timed rollie. Below, she shares a few things — 40 in fact — that she's learned in her 40 years, which she imparted over the course of a couple of sunny hours, before jumping back into my rickety car for a lift up the road to the grand-but-not-too-grand house she now calls home. After all, it was time for Bear's lunch. Because Kate Winslet leaves a men's magazine article as unfussily as she enters one, even if the Vauxhall Corsa is still a little breathless.

I LOVE MY HANDS. They're getting on a bit, my hands, and I like the veins and the way the skin on the top looks a bit thinner. I know these hands have loved and lost, these hands have worked, they've touched a million people and places and they've gone through everything with me. I can see my life more on my hands than I can on my face.

I was going to say my bum, because I think it's important to say my bum. Because really, I'm Kate Winslet, and I should be saying my bum.

I have no idea what Winslet means, but I have a huge attachment to my name. I feel like I come from a long line of survivors and carthorses. I love being a Winslet, I really do.

I'm very aware of wanting to feel physically strong and well, and that's probably a part of me going, "OK, you're 40, don't let it all go completely to shit, Kate." But when you've had three children, you have to work that little bit harder to keep it all together. I've never been one of those people who can just get away with murder.

I didn't really enjoy school. I was out in the world, and then suddenly I'd finish an acting job and go, "Oh God, I've got to go back to school?" In my head and heart, I was really gone by the age of 15. It wasn't normal, and I was aware that it wasn't normal.

I was head girl two years running. I wasn't a goody two-shoes, but I wasn't scatty or floaty or all over the place. I was with it.

I skipped the teenage thing of being a bit outrageous and naughty, getting drunk and falling asleep in the middle of the road. I was working. I didn't sneakily sniff glue or take drugs. I wasn't found shagging behind the bike sheds.

I don't want to have to say *Titanic* was the film that had the biggest impact on the direction of my career, but I suppose I do. What it really afforded me was career choice.

The story about me sending a single rose to James Cameron is not entirely true. I did send him a bunch of flowers saying,

"Amazing to meet you, thanks for the opportunity", or something like that. But I don't think I said, "I am your Rose." I wouldn't have been quite so disgusting.

People think that I got financially successful just on the back of *Titanic*. That's a huge misconception. I was 19. No one knew who the fuck I was.

Leo is my closest actor friend. We don't necessarily talk all the time or anything, but really, he is.

Having a teenage daughter reminds me of those years in my own life, and how long those years go on for. Just that feeling of being misunderstood, knowing that you're a decent person, and having someone suggest you might not be. I remember my early days of tabloid stuff and thinking,

was right at the height of *Being John Malkovich* and was absolutely the screenwriter of that particular time. It was also the film that took me to the States and left me there.

I love being at home. There's nothing like England in the summer. Everybody goes gallivanting off to Tuscany and the South of France, but we like being here.

My family is a little nomadic tribe. You twist yourself into a pretzel to make things work and make it OK for everybody, but as long as you stick together as much as possible, it's all great.

There are things we miss about New York. Mia and Joe, they'll catch the smell of muffins or coffee and go, "Ah, I miss New York." Every now and then. Smell and memory are so connected, especially for children.

I hate talking about money. It has been a really great thing for every member of my family that this has happened to me, so in that regard it has been important, but I'm not a materialistic person. If I didn't have it, I'd absolutely know how to live, because that's how I learned.

As kids we knew how to have fun with nothing. And with that, hand in hand, came an absolute love of the outdoors. You can go for a walk for free. You can go and throw yourself in a river for free. If you're lucky you might get a packet of crisps at the pub on the way home.

I like being high up. I like climbing mountains. I recently did a Bear Grylls thing in Snowdonia. I don't know if he was necessarily impressed, but I think he was probably surprised at how comfortable I was with everything he threw at me.

On Steve Jobs, we worked some ridiculous hours. We filmed in the opera house in the centre of San Francisco, which is a functioning opera house, so we'd start at midnight and film until midday. That's pretty gross. I remember saying out loud, "God, I'm so knackered." And the props woman, who I knew from a couple of other jobs, said, "Honey, we're here for a lot longer than you are. Shut the fuck up." And I went, "Oh my God, you're so right."

You get yourself so good at losing. I really hoped that I might win the Oscar that year [2009, for *The Reader*], and I bloody did. I remember absolutely all of it. I should, of course, say the birth of my children, so let's just say that I've said that, but it was the most glorious, fist-pumping, high-five, triumphant, all-consuming moment of my entire life. It was fucking amazing. It's the biggest prize going, I won it, and it felt incredible. I'm not going to downplay it one bit.

I don't smoke any more. That was my "cool" thing that stopped people from

"I remember my early years of tabloid stuff, thinking, 'Are these people suggesting I've done something wrong?'"

"Hang on, are these people suggesting that I've done something wrong?" God, I would not go back.

The only thing I'm on time for is work. When I'm late, I'm horrifically late. Ned is the absolute opposite. He's always bang on time. He's just had to learn how to deal with my lateness.

I'm not remotely against people going into space, but I don't want to go there. Nope. I'm quite happy down here. Being in an aeroplane is challenging enough.

When I did *Eternal Sunshine*, lots of people said to me, "Oh, it must be so nice to get out of the corset." I didn't really feel like I was stuck in one. I've always felt very happy and fulfilled.

That film threw me into a completely different marketplace. It was such an outrageous role to play, working with such an incredibly unique director as Michel Gondry, written by Charlie Kaufman, who



Kate's slate

A small selection of Kate Winslet's greatest on-screen moments

01 Heavenly Creatures (1994)

Winslet's breakthrough was as Juliet Hulme in Peter Jackson's real-life drama about two teen girls who committed a shocking murder in Fifties New Zealand.

02 Hamlet (1996)

Director Kenneth Branagh cast himself as the Prince of Denmark – and Winslet as his doomed love interest Ophelia – in his highly regarded Shakespearean adaptation.

03 Titanic (1997)

Even though she was a relative unknown in 1997, Winslet and Leonardo DiCaprio found themselves fronting the then biggest-grossing film of all time.

04 Iris (2001)

In this acclaimed biopic of British novelist Iris Murdoch, Winslet played her as a student at Oxford (Dame Judi Dench took over for her later years).

05 Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind (2004)

Michel Gondry's kooky sci-fi break-up movie saw Winslet enter the leftfield playing Jim Carrey's ex-girlfriend, Clementine Kruczynski, who has had her memory wiped.

06 The Reader (2008)

After five nominations, Winslet bagged an Oscar as Hanna Schmitz, a former Nazi guard who seduces a teenage boy.

07 Revolutionary Road (2008)

Winslet and DiCaprio reunited as dysfunctional suburban couple April and Frank Wheeler in this take on the Richard Yates novel directed by Winslet's then-husband Sam Mendes.

08 Mildred Pierce (2011)

An Emmy and a Golden Globe were among the awards haul following Winslet's role as the titular tormented housewife in this mini-series.

09 The Dressmaker (2015)

Jocelyn Moorhouse's eccentric drama sees Winslet as Tilly Dunnage, a Paris-trained seamstress who returns to the tiny Australian town of her troubled youth to reap revenge.

10 Steve Jobs (2015)

In a role that has been undersung in histories of the Apple empire, Winslet plays Steve Jobs' "office wife", Joanna Hoffman, in Danny Boyle's highly anticipated movie.

thinking I was a stiff-upper-lipped Brit. I was the bad girl who busted out the rollies, you know? It was great in a read-through: you'd start day one of rehearsals, a room full of terrified actors, and I'd pull out the rollies and everybody would visibly sink in their seats and go, "Oh, thank God she's normal."

People are still surprised when I'm foul-mouthed and very much not the polite English rose type that they really do believe I am. Which is so strange.

Life's too short to have a fucking ego. With *Steve Jobs*, I went after that role. I googled Joanna [Hoffman] and took one look at her and thought, "Of course they're not thinking of me; I looking fucking nothing like her." She's five foot nothing, she's got short, scruffy hair. I turned to Ned and I said, "Those fuckers, they just aren't being very imaginative." I took all the make-up off my face, plonked on a wig and a pair of glasses, took one photo, and sent it to [producer] Scott Rudin, who I know from *The Reader* and *Revolutionary Road*, with no message. I had nothing to lose. What were they going to do? Say, "Thanks very much Kate, really sweet of you, but actually, no"? Doesn't matter. Life's for living.

People often see me as the voluptuous blonde, and it's easy; a year or two can go by and I've played one too many blonde roles and they forget that I can play a scrappy Polish-Armenian.

Seth Rogen almost has comedy Tourette's, because he doesn't realise how funny he is. He can turn a very simple story about walking down the street and getting a piece of rubbish stuck to his shoe into a half-hour gigglefest. There's nothing like the company of great actors; there really, really isn't.

Flapping, flustering, assistants running around: I don't like that stuff. I really admire other actors when I see that they go solo, because it isn't necessary to have all that malarkey.

There were 182 pages of dialogue in Steve Jobs, and Michael [Fassbender] was on every single page. I'd say to him, "Do you want to meet up and run scenes after rehearsals?" and he'd say, "It's OK, I've got my thing going." I'd worry about him rattling around in a flat on his own, thrashing about with those 182 pages, but he was happiest that way, and it made me realise that actually, so am I. It's a funny old thing, acting: you can't really share it.

I've noticed the roles that are coming my way are markedly different to the roles that were coming my way 20 years ago, but that's only because I'm older. I wouldn't have been offered Joanna Hoffman 20 years ago; I wouldn't have been offered Clementine Kruczynski [in *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*] now. When I'm asked about

the shortage of roles for women, I almost can't bring myself to answer it because I'm so flipping lucky. The truth is, things are still coming my way.

Audiences don't always have to like you. I felt as though Irene in *Triple Nine* was my first true baddie. When you're standing over the boot of a car, and inside are two people whose fingertips have just been cut off and all their teeth have been pulled out because you said someone should do that, that's something new for me.

The wisest person I know is a good friend of mine who happens to be a magician. Her name is Belinda Sinclair. She said to me, "Make it easy." Not take it easy. Make it easy. That's pretty wise. And she can pull a flipping tulip out of an ace of hearts and then set it on fire.

One still goes to Waitrose. Friends of mine are like, "Kate, why would you ever do that? Ocado!" I need to see everything. I can't be ordering it online.

Everything was burned in the fire. [Winslet and her family were caught in a devastating fire while staying on Richard Branson's Necker Island in 2011.] Everything that we happened to have on holiday. Mia was upset about her favourite flip-flops, and Joe was upset about a baseball cap, but for other people who were there, who live there, everything was really truly burned. When you go through something like that, it's a short sharp injection of: it doesn't matter, it's just stuff.

I have a recurring dream about pulling my bottom teeth back with my top teeth to the point that I nearly pull them all out. Apparently, teeth dreams are something to do with sexual frustration, but I can't honestly tell you that I think it has anything to do with that.

I wish this wasn't the answer, because I feel it's a bit of a cliché, but really, truly I think I'm at my happiest now. Though I'm sure if you trawl through interviews in my twenties, when I didn't have a clue who I was, I probably said exactly the same thing.

It's all about staying in the game. Not playing the game, because to me it isn't about playing the game, it's about staying in it. Staying in it, and earning the right to be there. I've been doing this for 23 years. My career has been pretty bloody consistent, and I'm very aware of how unusual that is.

"You know, you'll probably get cast as the fat big sister." I daren't say who said it, but it was when I was younger, and it was no one of note. I remember thinking, "Oh really? We'll see about that."

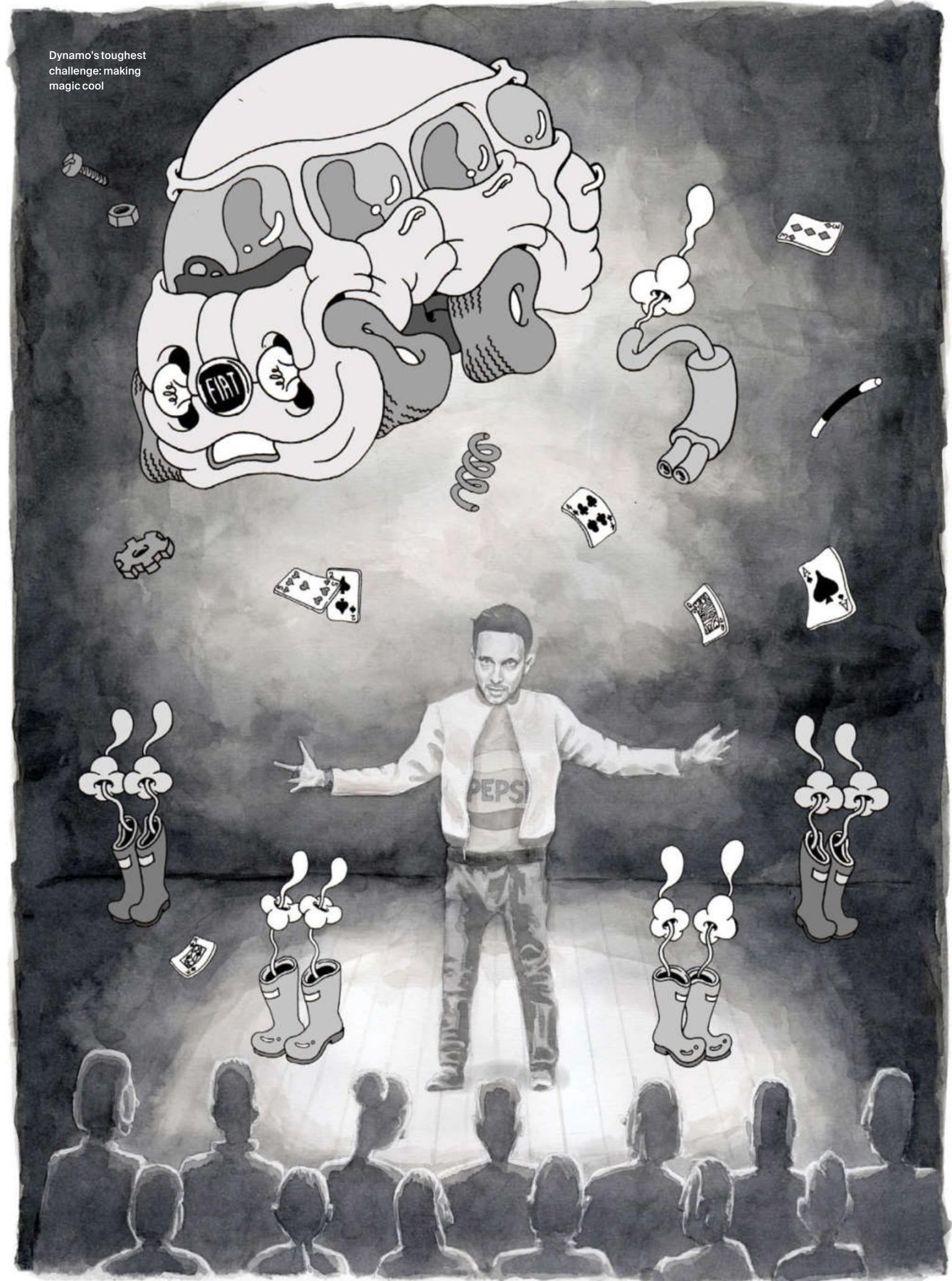
The Dressmaker is out on 20 November; *Steve Jobs* is the closing night gala of the London Film Festival, on 18 October, and on full release 13 November; *Triple Nine* is out next year

"It's all about staying in the game, not playing the game, and earning the right to be there. I've been doing this for 23 years, my career has been bloody consistent and I'm aware how unusual that is"



Black wool coat, by Jason Wu.
Black lace bra, by Agent Provocateur. Diamond and gold serpent pendant necklace, by Turner & Tatler

Dynamo's toughest
challenge: making
magic cool



The conjuror's new clothes

Magic is amazing. So how come, for all its attempts to throw off the cliché of the bow tie-wearing magician and embrace a new, street-style edginess, it can never, ever be cool?



By
Jim Merrett

Illustrations by
Mark Oliver

IN FEBRUARY 2014, to mark the arrival of its new creative director, Alasdair Willis, and its reboot as a lifestyle brand, 150-year-old wellington boots manufacturer Hunter held its debut show at London Fashion Week. On a black catwalk covered in a slick of water, po-faced models stomped up and down in balaclava bobble hats and plastic capes.

Barely 10 minutes later, they gathered at the far end of the runway and another figure appeared, wearing black jeans and a blue, rubberised bomber jacket — and measuring a good foot shorter than the models clustered around him. To the sounds of the Pilooski remix of “Lucidity” by Tame Impala, the mysteriously dinky man leaned to his left, then leaned a bit more, until his body was at an impossible 45-degree angle to the stage. Then, with some pulling-on-an-invisible-handle gestures worthy of Marcel Marceau, he righted himself, clenched his fists in front of him, lowered

his head, and both he and the mackintosh-clad models around him disappeared. The darkened hall erupted in a cacophony of camera flashes.

The orchestrator of this stunt, the vanishing man, was 32-year-old Steven Frayne, better known by his stage name, Dynamo. He's the current kingpin in British magic, a man whose stunts include walking across the Thames and levitating above London's 310m-tall Shard and in front of Rio's Christ the Redeemer — all part of his own massively successful TV show, *Magician Impossible*. “He is the most followed magician in the world, with a reach of six million on his social platforms,” as Alasdair Willis put it. This autumn, he'll embark on a live tour, performing to 300,000 fans across 83 dates in the kind of venues that usually host rock bands (some of whom, the Stone Roses' Ian Brown, Coldplay's Chris Martin and Jay Z, he counts as fans and friends).

But the biggest trick that Dynamo has ever attempted isn't hovering over landmarks, wowing celebrities or making models dematerialise. It's something far more onerous, a task those who've gone before him have tried — in some instances getting quite close — but ultimately failed. It's convincing the world that maybe, just maybe, magic might finally be cool.

WHEN I WAS A KID, a magician was a guy in questionable evening wear on a stage sawing a glamorous assistant in half, with a knowing wink to the camera. They were hugely successful and in some cases wealthy, but even amassing an estimated \$800m fortune from ticket sales to live performances, and a supermodel girlfriend to match, couldn't save David Copperfield from being unspeakably naff. Paul Daniels was not someone you turned to for sartorial

advice: the only suit he could convince anyone to pick was clubs, hearts, spades or diamonds.

Today, big brands are courting magicians as they would musicians or actors — as well as representing Hunter and the likes of Pepsi, in January this year, Dynamo was hired by Fiat to unveil its new car model, apparently assembled on stage out of thin air. Others are following hard on his heels: another young British magician, 25-year-old Troy Von Scheibner, who has an eponymous TV show on E4, starred in French Connection's autumn/winter 2014 campaign (tag line: "Hey FCUKing Presto"). So just how has Dynamo and his acolytes managed to overhaul our perceptions? Or is just a trick of the light?

Certainly in the US, there's one man who's credited with changing the image of magic more than any other: David Blaine. He's the Brooklyn-born entertainer who with his first TV special, *David Blaine: Street Magic*, which aired in 1997, brought magic out of the studio and onto the urban street. On his show, he performed close-up magic for everyday people; privately, he did the same for the likes of Robert De Niro, Muhammad Ali, Bill Clinton and Michael Jackson. (Over here, he's perhaps best known as that guy who dangled over the Thames in a Perspex box for 44 days with only water for sustenance while onlookers pelted him with eggs, sausages, bacon, lemons, beer cans, golf balls and balloons filled with paint and taunted him with a burger on a remote-controlled helicopter. You know who you are.)

As well as the stripped-back tricks and setting, Blaine also had a dramatic impact on the way magicians dress. The uniform of the illusionist had evolved little since the 19th century; back then, magic was stuck in a similar funk, with performers decked out as Gandalf-like wizards until a French magician called Jean Eugène Robert-Houdin took to dressing more in keeping with his upmarket audience. Over time, the dress code became locked to the fashions of the well-to-do of that particular era: tails, white gloves and a top hat. Blaine instead opted for jeans and a T-shirt: everyday wear of the late 20th century (coincidentally, maybe, also what you'd expect to find the CEOs of tech companies — the modern equivalent of Robert-Houdin's audience — wearing today).

"There's no big, flamboyant, curly moustache and blow-dried hair," Troy Von Scheibner says, remembering the impact that Blaine had on him. "You could really relate to it. And I'd never seen a black or mixed-race magician. I always thought, 'He kinda looks like me.'" (Von Scheibner's father is

German and his mother is Jamaican; he describes himself as "Germaican".)

"For the generation that has grown up AB (After Blaine), the magician is that guy on the street with hoodie and jeans," says Ben Hanlin, another young British illusionist, who found fame on YouTube and now presents ITV2's magic prank show *Tricked*.

But while Blaine had obviously made huge advances in altering how magicians are perceived, he didn't quite achieve complete "cool". In fact, if anything, his carefully constructed TV persona came closer to being disconnected and cold. When *Carter Beats the Devil* author Glen David Gold profiled Blaine for *The New York Times* in 2002, he described the magician as perhaps "the loneliest man I ever met". A year prior to this came Blaine's infamous GMTV interview, wherein the magician uttered barely a word, instead flashing a palm with an eye drawn on it — a rare instance when British viewers might have felt a twinge of sympathy for presenter Eamonn Holmes.

Blaine wanted to be taken seriously, perhaps too much so for UK audiences, where we like to see figures who get above themselves — so far above himself, in the case of his Thames endurance test — knocked down a peg or two. Here was a down-with-the-kids entertainer who suddenly started looking like a weirdo with a messiah complex.



CAN DYNAMO FARE BETTER THAN BLAINE? Hopes are high within The Magic Circle, the magicians' social club, which was set up in 1905 to give performers a chance to trade tricks and safeguard their intellectual property. Those within the organisation are keenly aware of the buzz that has suddenly bolstered magic. "There was a big gap

between Paul Daniels and David Blaine," says Darren Martin, who looks after The Magic Circle's public relations. "Then Harry Potter sparked interest. But Dynamo came along at just the right time."

Dynamo describes the London headquarters of the famously secretive guild as "a private members' club for the elite magicians of the world". Von Scheibner, too, likens it to Shoreditch House: "It's in a secret location — in Euston," he tells me. (It's actually listed on Google Maps.)

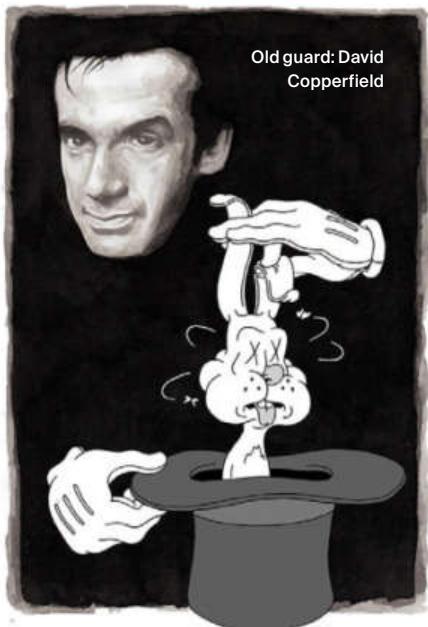
The Magic Circle has experienced a recent surge of interest from tech companies hoping to launch products at their building. "The association is always 'magic,'" says Martin. "'The magic of...' fill in the blank."

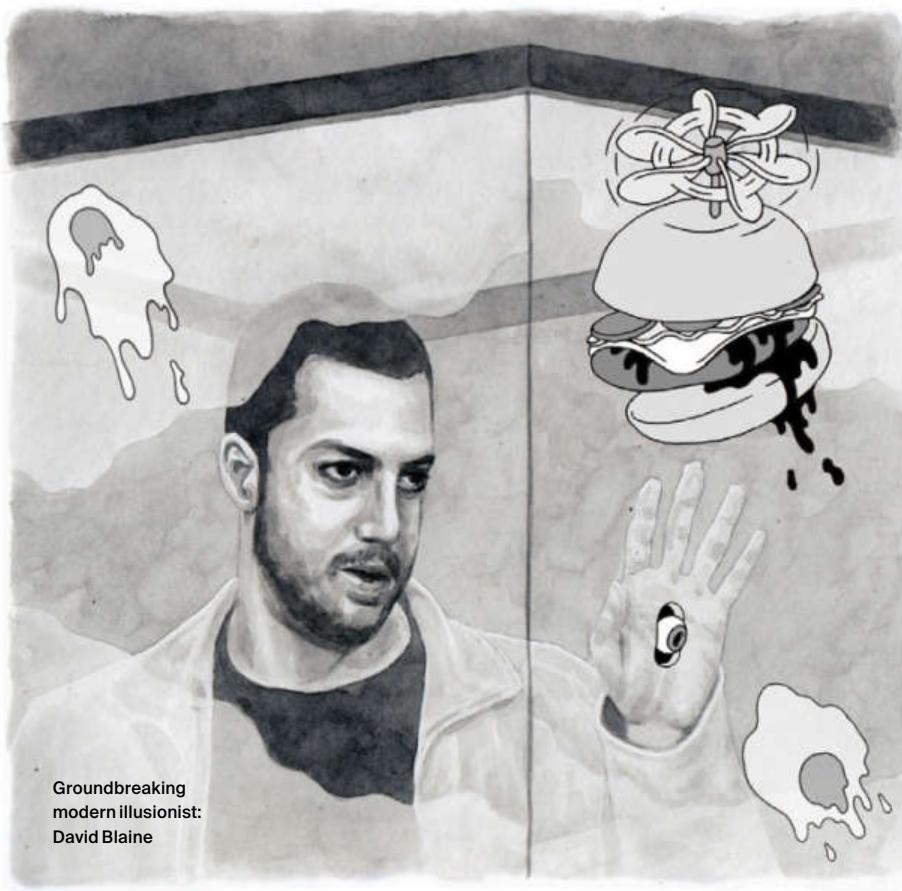
It is also actively recruiting the next generation of members, running a club, competitions and workshops as part of what it calls its Youth Initiative. On the day I visit, however — a Monday night, when the building is open only to the initiated (and, in this instance, me) — the attendees seem mostly old, old boys, with scant representation by the 80-or-so female members the 1,500-strong organisation has acquired since permitting women for the first time in the early Nineties. Clearly, Dynamo represents a welcome injection of young blood. Martin rhapsodised about Dynamo's recent magically-appearing-Fiat stunt. "Even Paul Daniels was tweeting about it," he says. "Dynamo is a once-in-a-generation thing. It's his time and everyone else is enjoying the benefits."

For the would-be saviour of an entire branch of entertainment, Dynamo in person is self-effacing. Despite his runway turn, he jokes that he's only just started to fill out clothes that he's owned since he was 10. He owes his slight 5ft 6in frame to Crohn's disease, a long-term condition affecting the digestive system. Growing up on Bradford's Delph Hill estate, his stature made him a target for bullies.

"These kids used to put me inside wheelie bins and push me down a hill," he says. "At the school I went to, there were two big hills. We called them 'The Tits' — because they looked like tits. So they pushed me down The Tits in a wheelie bin. This one time, my grandpa came to pick me up from school. He saw this happening, so he showed me a technique to stop them."

Dynamo's great-grandfather, known as "Grandpa", was the Mr Miyagi to his Daniel-san. "From the age of about seven, he showed me things that he picked up when he was in the army during the Second World War," Dynamo says. "I don't think that's the only thing that he picked up in the army, obviously. But he used to do magic to keep his morale up and his mind active. To stop





Groundbreaking
modern illusionist:
David Blaine

"A cool magician? It's a double negative. We can give them money, fame, attention but they can't be cool. You can have magic or you can be cool — but not both"

— Lev Grossman

him thinking about the war that was going on all around him."

He entrusted Dynamo with a means of using another person's weight to make himself immobile. "The bullies couldn't pick me up and put me in the bin anymore. So the next day, they started spreading rumours that I was this demon child. They didn't want to be seen to be stopped by me — I was tiny compared to these guys." As Dynamo developed his skills, the playground myth gained momentum. "It gave me an edge," he says, "and by the time I left school, I was known as 'The Magic Boy'."

To Penn Jillette, the talkative half of the hugely successful magician duo Penn and Teller, Dynamo's trajectory fits with a typical "revenge of the nerds" scenario. "There's

always a sense of 'I'm going to learn how to be popular by doing something you can't,'" he says. "I've sat alone in my room for five years, left out, socially inadequate — and now I'm coming back with ways I've figured out how to lie to you. And I'd like acceptance for that.' When I was young, on the variety shows in the Sixties, you would see a magician followed by The Who. What better comparison can you have? Aged 12, do you want to be Keith Moon — or some dipshit with a table, fucking around with birds?"



THE NEW WAVE OF YOUNG MAGICIANS — the likes of Dynamo and Troy — have sorted out their wardrobes and swapped the shiny TV studio for the gritty urban streets or the stadium stage. That much is true. But it remains the case that anyone who's good at magic undoubtedly became so for a reason. Because he was bullied, or lonely, or just that child at school. And those judgements tend to stick.

"Any good magician was, at some point, a kid who spent way too long in his bedroom practising card tricks," *Tricked's* Ben Hanlin says. "Cool kids don't get into magic — they're busy playing football and shagging."

"There's something irredeemably geeky about the kind of play magicians are

involved in," says Lev Grossman, author of fantasy novel *The Magicians*, about a socially awkward high-school graduate who finds a college for magicians, which he hopes will solve all his problems (it doesn't). "They're engaged in a kind of public child-like make-believe. I don't think that could ever be cool — or even that it should be."

Grossman has a theory: "The thing about magicians, which defines them, is that they know things we don't," he says. "Which is also true of cool people — they understand things that the rest of us don't and never will. A cool magician? It's a double negative. We can give magicians everything else — money, fame and attention — but they can't be cool. You can have magic or you can be cool — but you can't have both."

Perhaps that's why magic and cool can never mix. At some base level, we sense that the people who do magic are often seeking something — attention, street cred, power — and there's no quicker way to derail social acceptance than by appearing to want it, and want it really, really bad. In choosing magic, they're also picking something juvenile and short-term (no matter how many hours spent in front of the mirror, practising sleight of hand): while playground bullies might think you have magical powers, a grown-up audience is merely suspending its disbelief for the sake of a good night out.

And above all, there's the elephant in the room that no amount of smoke, mirrors or branded footwear can conceal — when it comes to cool, the currency is authenticity, and nothing magicians do is real.

"I'm lying to you" — that's the opening sentence every magic act starts with," Penn Jillette says, bluntly. "It's not spoken but it's understood by all parties. Elvis Presley says he's a singer and he's absolutely telling the truth. Motherfucker can sing — no doubt about it. Even the Sex Pistols showing up not being able to play their instruments still [sound] just like the record. But when Dynamo says, 'I'm magic', whatever that means, fucker ain't magic."

This leaves Dynamo with a challenge beyond anything he's faced before, and in an arena, a space that's large, yet too small for the elaborate stunts he's known for.

"Obviously, I can't put the River Thames on the stage, so how can I do something that epic?" he asks of his own live show. "If it's going to be done, then I'm the man to do it." (He is Magician Impossible after all, he points out.)

But the biggest trick of all will always be transforming the way people think about magicians themselves, making something that is by definition illusionary, credible. And the thing to remember is this: cool is ephemeral — just like that, it's gone. ☐



Photographs by
David Titlow

Fashion by
Catherine Hayward

Stitched up

On screen, Ben Mendelsohn plays hard men and anti-heroes. But for Esquire, the Australian actor softens his stance in autumn's finest knitwear



Fashion



Hugo Boss

Navy wool coat, £600;
brown wool roll-neck,
£300; navy wool checked
suit trousers, £580, all by
Hugo Boss. Black leather
Chelsea boots, £185,
by Russell & Bromley

Left

Prada

Navy wool knitted polo,
£560, by Prada

Ralph Lauren Purple Label

Navy checked cashmere/wool double-breasted suit, £3,475; white cashmere roll-neck, £865, both by Ralph Lauren Purple Label. Black leather Chelsea boots, £185, by Russell & Bromley

Right

Bottega Veneta

Black/white checked wool jacket, £1,690; black/white wool knit jumper, £755, both by Bottega Veneta. White cotton T-shirt, £55, by Sunspel



Fashion



TO RESEARCH HIS ROLE AS A GAMBLING ADDICT IN THE NEW FILM *Mississippi Grind*, Ben Mendelsohn would often visit Harrah's, New Orleans' biggest casino. He and his co-star Ryan Reynolds wanted to experience the highs and lows of poker by betting big with their own cash. One night, the pair found themselves dragged to the big boy's table by five of the city's best players.

"Oh, I lost a lot of money making that film," recalls the 46-year-old Australian months later, sitting on a park bench in Hammersmith, West London. "I did all right until I didn't — and then when I didn't? I took a bath. I deserved to."

Just like his character, Gerry, then; a divorced father who doesn't know when enough is enough. Upon befriending the free-spirited Curtis (Reynolds), Gerry

takes him on a road trip to a high-stakes poker game in Louisiana, convinced he's his good-luck charm. The film is as much a heart-warming road movie as it is a searing addiction drama and one that would slot seamlessly into a Seventies movie triple bill.

Mendelsohn himself is in no need of good luck charms — even he can't believe his rise from bit-partier to Reynolds' co-lead.

"You do feel like Gerry when you're around Ryan," he says, looking up in mock awe. "Being around him you're like, 'You're really my buddy, right mate? You promise?'"

It was David Michôd's 2010 Australian film *Animal Kingdom* that was the turning point for Mendelsohn. In the Oscar-nominated drama, he led a cast comprised of fellow natives Joel Edgerton and Guy Pearce playing the volatile bank robber



Giorgio Armani

Navy wool/cashmere jacket, £2,820; grey cashmere roll-neck, £920; navy cashmere trousers, £1,695; black calf leather shoes, £545, all by Giorgio Armani



Pope. Recalling a more intense character from that year is nigh-on impossible. More scene-stealing roles followed: a reformed bank robber in *The Place Beyond the Pines*, a junkie in *Killing Them Softly* and a violent prisoner in *Starred Up*. He's even bagged an Emmy nomination for Netflix's *Bloodline*, playing the black sheep of an influential family headed up by Sissy Spacek's matriarch. Mendelsohn, it's safe to say, plays characters whose presence unnerves you, but laces them with an emotion rarely conveyed in roles of that kind.

His career is set to go stratospheric in 2016 when he journeys to a galaxy far, far away in *Rogue One*, the first of three planned *Star Wars* spin-offs. The film will act as a prequel to original movie *Episode IV*, explaining the backstory of how

a team of rebels stole the plans for the Death Star. He's not giving much away — "I'm not doing a huge bit on it. That's all I can tell you" — but he must be aware that it signals his arrival as a go-to Hollywood actor?

"*Mississippi Grind*'s a good analogy for acting. When you pick a film, you want to be on a horse that's going to run well; it doesn't have to win, but you want a place."

But Gerry, I remind him, wins just as big as he loses. "Look, I've been doing this a lot of years and I'm aware I'm in a good time. I feel lucky. I like to think that, in my own way, I'm just having my good Gerry period." ■

Interview by Jacob Stolworthy

Mississippi Grind is released on 23 October

Alfred Dunhill

Charcoal checked wool-mix/tweed coat, £2,190; black cashmere jumper, £1,225; white cotton shirt, £295; navy checked silk tie, £125, all by Alfred Dunhill

Berluti

Grey/black checked wool coat,
£2,480; green merino jumper,
£705; white cotton shirt, £350,
all by Berluti



Fashion



**Ermenegildo
Zegna Couture**

Brown wool hooded jumper,
£POA; white cotton shirt,
£440, both by Ermenegildo
Zegna Couture

Photographer's assistant: Keith Beckles
Fashion assistant: Teresa Eberle
Digital operator: Nathalie Gordon
Grooming: Mira Hussein at facepro.co.uk using
Anthony™ and Skincare by L'Occitane
Producer: Amy Foster
Production assistant: Melinda Davies
See Stockists page for details

Directory

Embrace an on-trend autumn look with stylish, puddle-proof shoes, smart shirts and chunky coats

Edited by Stephanie Crain



Look 1

Green leather/shearling bomber jacket, £1,895, by Coach

Reversible green quilted vest, £230, by Oliver Spencer

White cotton grandad-collar shirt, £90, by Oliver Spencer

Blue denim slim-fit jeans, £140, by Oliver Spencer

Grey leather shoes, £30, by Next

Stainless steel case 42mm watch on brown leather strap, £2,095, by Raymond Weil

**Look 2**

Navy/red wool coat, £675,
by CP Company

Blue denim jacket,
£240, by Oliver Spencer

Brown knitted
polo shirt, £30, by Next

Black cotton slim-fit
chinos, £20, by Next

Dark brown calfskin
Chelsea boots, £405,
by Crockett & Jones

Stainless steel case
40mm watch on black
leather strap, £75, by Festina

Lifestyle Essentials



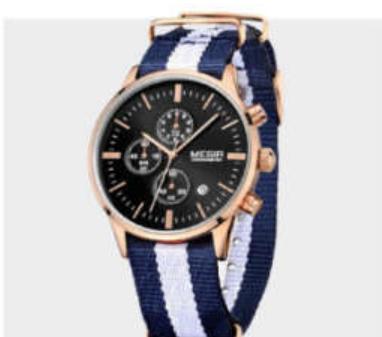
The Watch Sale at Fellows

The monthly Watch Sale at Fellows on the last Tuesday of every month raises the bar in the world of watch auctions, offering over 400 different styles and brands.

With lots ranging from complex horological works of art and models from watch houses such as Breitling, Rolex and Omega, to interesting and affordable vintage timepieces, there is a watch suitable for everyone's wrist — and wallet.

Prior to each monthly auction, you can view the full catalogue with its exceptional 360° imagery, along with detailed condition reports from watch specialists.

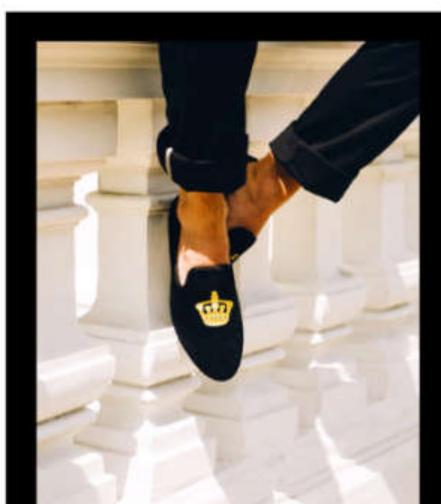
Contact the department by calling 0121 212 2131, and register to bid online at fellows.co.uk/register



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The Gentlemen's Watch Co prides itself on its diverse, yet defined collection of luxury timepieces from independent watchmakers and designers. The Yachtsman Chrono by Megir (pictured above) boasts a rose-gold polished stainless steel case that gracefully frames a handy 24-hour dial and precision stopwatch. Choose from six colour options, £39.

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or email info@gwcwatches.com



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Maisons des Bows

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Birline watches

Birline offers its new collection of watches using unconventional materials in a novel way, to attract and surprise people. For example, the Stanmore model (pictured above), has a rose gold case and a high quality Harris Tweed strap. Quality fabrics and colours are a big part of the design of the watches, reflected in Birline's colourful new collection. Watches feature Swiss movement and scratch-resistant sapphire glass. As seen on David Gandy.

Visit birline.com

Instagram @birlinewatches



Hilditch & Key

Established in 1899, Hilditch & Key is one of the few remaining original Jermyn Street shirtmakers, using only finest quality fabrics and exquisite manufacturing techniques.

For the full collection, go to hilditchandkey.com or visit their experienced and dedicated professionals at 73 Jermyn Street, London SW1Y. Tel: +44 20 7930 5336



The Gentlemen's Watch Co

The Gentlemen's Watch Co prides itself on its diverse, yet defined collection of luxury timepieces from independent watchmakers and designers. The Yachtsman Chrono by Megir (pictured above) boasts a rose-gold polished stainless steel case that gracefully frames a handy 24-hour dial and precision stopwatch. Choose from six colour options, £39.

Shop Megir at gwcwatches.com or email info@gwcwatches.com

A full-page photograph of a man in his late 40s or early 50s with short, wavy brown hair. He is wearing a dark grey pinstripe suit jacket over a light grey button-down shirt. He is leaning against the front fender of a classic 1967 Ford Mustang in a bright lime-green color. The car's front grille features the iconic Ford logo. The background shows a well-maintained lawn, a stone wall, and a large white building with a yellow-trimmed roofline and several tall, thin cacti in front.

Esquire

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Nº 53

Crockett & Jones chukka boots

£385

crockettandjones.com

A stylish man's weekend wardrobe should ideally contain a pair of quality chukka boots, and no one makes them better than Northampton shoe manufacturer Crockett & Jones. Though the 140-year-old company's Chelsea boots, oxfords and derbies are also supremely desirable, the suede chukkas are *Esquire*'s favourites for autumn. Traditionally an open-laced, unlined ankle boot with three eyelets and a calf-suede upper, Crockett & Jones's feature a single leather sole and are available in a range of colours; this chocolate brown version will look as good with jeans as with slim-cut wool trousers.

Words by Teo van den Broeke

RAYMOND WEIL

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Mr. Raymond Weil's other great passion was undoubtedly aviation. He was a true pilot and particularly loved to fly his Piper aircraft around the Matterhorn. In his honour, a unique freelancer Pilot special edition watch was created in partnership with legendary general aviation manufacturer Piper Aircraft Inc.

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